THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THOSE LIMERICK BELLS.

One of Munster's Most Beautiful Traditions Beautifully Told by Patriotic Miss Banim.

Every Seven Years, From Beneath the Waters of the Abbey River, the Sunken Bells are Heard by Those Who Possess God's Grace.

BACK THROUGH OLD LIMERICK.

Retracing our steps from the Treaty Stone, we took our way back through old Limerick, diving down laneways, under arches, up alleys, just as the natives advised, greatly winning their good graces by our readiness to accept such advice, as well as thereby finding out every historic spot—as we afterwards proved on referring to accredited authorities—almost as if we had Mr. Lenihan, the historian, himself with us.

"You won't miss going down there, ladies; the finest ruins in all Limerick are inside those gates." This, as we stood in a fine open space; on one side we saw the sentries and soldiers making the old castle square look bright with their scarlet coats; at the other end of the space the statue of Our Lady of Mercy just showed above a long wall; and a modern housetop, also seen above it, seemed to give but little promise of antiquities. But the native must be right, and, in truth, the opening of the neat and and elegant modern entrance gates disclosed a sight to delight any artist.

Running the full width of the beautiful gardens are the ivied remains of a splendid abbey, whose Gothic arches and exquisitely shaped windows, wreathed with hanging ivy and crimson Virginian vines, showed the flowery gardens, the old city walls and the bright blue sky beyond, like so many pictures of some far-off lovely land that had nothing in common with the ruined city outside.

This building was once the Monastery of the Dominicans, and was founded in Limerick so far back as the early part of the thirteenth century, by King Cairbre O'Brien, founder of eighty monasteries and churches. Near the beautiful ruin is a large portion of the ancient walls of the city and other remains well worthy of attention. No visitor to Limerick should pass the gate of the Sisters of Mercy without asking to see the place; there is invariably a kind welcome, and one of the Sisters will gladly show strangers all that is of interest, including an old pike head and a cannon ball, the latter used in either of the great sieges of Limerick.

As we walked in the convent gardens with one of the Sisters, she pointed out a window in the ruined abbey with which a legend of the siege of 1651 is connected.

It is told by an old writer that on the 17th of July, 1651, while the siege was going on, some peasants working in the fields saw in the air, above St. Mary's Tower,

AN APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

accompanied by St. Dominick and other saints. From above the church tower the visionary beings moved across the city until they stood over the Dominican Abbey, where the Blessed Virgin was seen to remain for a time within the frame of the fifth window.

It is bare and empty now, but beneath it is the statue of Our Lady of Mercy, and in its name, that of the most divine attribute, the Sisters of Mercy daily prove that the spot received a blessing that has outlived all the desolation and ruin that man could bring upon it.

Back again in the decaying street, we turned down "Pump lane" to have a look at the house Sarsfield occupied in 1690-91. It is opposite to the remains of a ruined building commonly known as 'Queen Anne's Prison," probably from having been used as a prison in Queen Ann's time, but it is really of much more ancient date.

There was a voluble dispute going on at the end of Pump lane when we emerged, with a strong bodyguard of the women of Limerick to see us safe out. We left them amiably trying to quell a little disturbance between a tailor, the worse for a naggin, and the brogue maker, but both were too busy and too deep in big words to heed the peacemakers, and as we walked away, with what an air of disdain we heard the brogue maker fling at his enemy—

"I deny the allegation, an' I scorn the allegator!"

Having loitered away an hour, making an acquaintance here, viewing a ruin there, we returned to Mrs. Ireton, who by this time had 'readied up," as she said, "the room where the old villain died." We stood upon the very spot where Ireton breathed his last, and there heard the story of his awful death from the plague in that old room, whose massive beams are supported on thick stone buttresses. Before saying good-bye to Mrs. Ireton, perhaps I may observe that it is a great pity some steps are not taken to preserve to the city the many quaint old buildings whose presence among the people keeps alive the historic memories of which the City of the Violated Treaty is a very treasure house.

Leaving Nicholas street, we wandered by the ruins of once fine castles and convents; by the place where, after the first great siege, the plague stricken were buried, and we pass on to Mary street. In '98, Mary street was a fashionable promenade,

WHERE BEAUX AND BELLES MET

and walked and chatted gaily, while but a few yards off the political prisoners of the day suffered untold agonies in the terrible underground dungeon which was used as the place of their punishment and detention in the old city jail. This prison was used in the days of Rapparees and Whiteboys, and a story is told of a Croppy boy imprisoned there; he scaled the wall, found a horse standing in the street as he leaped to the ground, vaulted into the saddle, and, though chased hard by the soldiers, managed, after an exciting run, to escape away into the wild mountain passes, and so won life and liberty.

By lanes and curious winding ways we once again emerged on the quay by the Abbey river, crossed by Baal's bridge and re-entered the Irishtown at, perhaps, its most picturesque point, where the Abbey river, by a sudden bend, passes round the island, up towards the summer sunset, and under the graceful Bridge of Park, beneath whose shadows lie the bells of Limerick Cathedral. How often I have heard the beautiful story of those silver bells I cannot say. As a child, I read Denis Florence McCarthy's sweet poem, in which our poet tells the legend so touchingly. In Limerick I heard it over and over, told in the soft Munster tones—now, by the old fisherman who leaned over the low stone wall by Thomond Bridge, and, as he related the story, watched the flocks of white birds that are for ever flitting above the Abbey river and the falls of Curraghgower; again, it was told me by the poor beggarwoman from Bunratty, who, she recalled, "watched many an' many's the Christmas night, and all the country-side watched and waited on their bended knees to hear the bells ring out from underneath the water, so clear and sweet, you heard them miles and miles away, and then every other bell in Limerick took up the peal an' rang for Midnight mass. Every soul that could walk, young and old, thronged into Limerick then, and there would not be a window in cottage or cabin but had its Christmas candle lighting. Even in the workhouse there wasn't a poor creature but managed to have his or her pound candle, and the big house (the parish workhouse) would be one blaze of light in honor of the coming of the Light and Glory of the World."

But, better than all, I heard the legend from the lips of the very keeper of the secret burial place of the bells, the oldest Friar in Limerick; for the exact spot where they lie is only known to one living person, and so it will continue until St. Mary's is restored to its rightful owners, when the silver bells will be raised, once more to call the faithful to Mass in their own ancient cathedral.

Many centuries ago—so long past that no one knows the date—there lived in a town in southern Italy a famous bell founder. None, even in that land of music, could cast bells so fine and sweet and true of tone as he could. But, of all he had ever made, the sweetest, fullest, and most musical toned was

A PEAL OF SILVER BELLS

that rang from the cathedral of his native town, so close to where he dwelt that he heard their voices call to prayer at morning, noon, and night. He had cast these silver bells in the time of his early manhood; they had rung for him through all the changes of life, and, listening to and loving them, they year by year grew dearer to his heart.

The world changed around him; he lost the voices of those he loved best as, one by one, brothers, sisters, children, went out into the world and died. But the silver bells never changed, except to modulate their tones—glad with his gladness, mournful with his sorrows—until at last, in his old age, they became like living things to him and dearest of all the world to his heart.

War came. The city where the old bell founder lived was sacked, and, among the booty, the silver bells were taken from the church and carried away none knew whither.

With the voices of his beloved bells, it was as if the old man's life were gone from him. He could find no rest, no peace, but—always listening—listening for the sweet tones that had so long made music in his life—at last he grew too restless to stay in his home. He wandered here and there, ever listening, ever with the one idea in his mind—that rest and peace were to be found only when he should once again hear his silvery chimes.

Hopefully the bell-founder set sail from Italy for the northern land, and, after many days at sea, weary and worn, he saw his ship enter the river Shannon; pass by St. Sinan's Holy Island; by the turbulent waves of Tarbert; by the rushing flood of the Fergus; and thence sailed smoothly up the Shannon towards Limerick town.

It was the sunset hour as the foreigner came within sight of the ancient city, lit up with the full glory of the loveliest hour in the west.

As his eyes caught sight of the towers of St. Mary's Cathedral,

THE ANGELUS HOUR

sounded and the evening bells broke forth into a melodious peal. The old Italian started—listened a moment—then a light as if of Heaven itself spread over his worn face. He opened his arms wide, as if to take the very sounds to his heart, and then sank back—at rest. The bell founder had recognized his silver bells; their voices had brought him everlasting peace.

Still for ages those same chimes rang on in Limerick, until, in a dark hour, those who brought destruction on our churches and on all they contained came into Ireland. But the custodians of St. Mary's would not lose their silver bells. In the dark night they were taken down from the belfry and sunk in some spot beneath the pretty Bridge of Park that crosses the river above the town, but only one man living ever knows the secret of the exact place where they lie; that man is always the oldest Augustinian Friar in Limerick; he received the secret of their hiding place, and of the hour when they shall be raised again, from the last oldest Friar, when on his death-bed; and when he, too, comes to die he will in turn impart the secret to the next oldest of his brethren.

And still the silver bells lie under Park Bridge in the Abbey river, and certain it is—I have heard it from those who heard—that every seventh Christmas eve at midnight those who, at that holy hour, truly have the Grace of God about them hear the chimes ring sweet and clear from out their hiding place; then, after a little pause, every bell in Limerick joins in the

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

—Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.

SHARP CRITICISM.

Mr J. W. Moore, of this City, and the Hon. John Brennan, of Sioux City, Ia., have Something to Say About the Parliamentary Method.

They Declare Against the Present Subservient Attitude of the Parnellites.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, June 16.—To my mind there are excellent reasons for the articles recently published in THE CITIZEN criticising and condemning matters pertaining to the Irish movement. It is certainly heartrending to notice that the national campaign against factious ascendancy and English rule in Ireland have of late been losing its force and vitality—dwindling away as it were—until Irish Nationalists must now regard it as a miserable, impotent auxiliary of parliamentary humbug suiting its action to gratify the whims of a debased and unprincipled English political faction. Since diplomacy and "leadership" took hold of the present movement it has accomplished nothing of a practical nature. Ever since Gladstone's magnetism attracted Mr. Parnell's attention to the ever shining but delusive and misleading star of "Home Rule" the utterances of the Irish party have not entitled them to the confidence of those who believe that Ireland is worthy of a distinct national existence. The moment that the action of the organization of the people became subservient to the will and political expediency of Gladstone and his friends it lost its hold on national sentiment. Ever since the Land League flag was hauled down and the standard of "conciliation" raised in its stead the Irish people here and at home have become surprisingly apathetic and for the first time in history a band of men boasting of their loyalty to England have been allowed to speak in Ireland's name and as a result the mighty movement founded by Michael Davitt, Thomas Brennan and Patrick Egan is now nothing but a game of English political chance. Mr. Parnell has apologized to the English people because Ireland's pulse throbbed high and her attitude was defiant in Land League times. Another Irish "leader" who is a London editor has attempted to prove that the Land League owed its existence to Irish M.P.'s. The absurdity and monstrous untruthfulness of such a statement will be apparent when it is remembered that the founders of the Land League refused to enter parliament and taught the people to expect no assistance from that quarter. Davitt, Brennan and Egan refused to aid in the election of parliamentary candidates and none of the Land League funds could be used even to pay the election expenses of Mr. Parnell himself. The Land League owed its strength not to any senseless affiliation with English political parties, but to the fact that it was a people's movement. No influence—occult or otherwise—directed from London or elsewhere could prevent the Land League organizers from speaking the faith that was in them. But things have sadly changed in Ireland of late. The "leaders" who some years ago were supposed to be tinged with republican sentiment are now disgracing themselves by bowing and scraping before English "lords" and "noblemen." The people are asked to be grateful because a few strolling Englishmen smile upon them as a guerdon for their "leaders" self abasement. The *Irish World* that was the most potent factor in the Land League fight is shunned and banned now by the Irish parliamentary prophets. Mr. Harrington, recently, when presenting a certificate of "good character" for the Irish National League in the house of commons, assured his listeners that a single copy of Patrick Ford's great paper was not allowed inside the offices of the League in Dublin in the last eight years. The Land League welcomed the *Irish World* into Ireland and very highly prized the assistance given by Mr. Ford and Mr. Finerty. But all this now is changed. The Irish movement is no longer national. It is an English movement and its adherents are expected to march to the tune of the music of a gang of political opportunists who attempted ten years ago to crush out by brute force the national life of Ireland. And what is Ireland promised as the price of her national degradation? Why "Home Rule" of course. Mr. Parnell will be allowed to experiment with a toy parliament in Dublin. But the "empire" will still control the army and navy. The police will be appointed by the "empire," and the people will have no control over the appointment of magistrates and judges. The people will feel chagrined, but the members of the "Home Rule" parliament will console them and tell them to be thankful that the "integrity of the empire" exists and that Ireland is enjoying the "blessings of self-government."

It is time, sir, that Irish Nationalists should raise their voices and make their influence felt. It is not a begging, crawling people that will obliterate the stamp of misery off the features of the fair land that we adore. No, it is a self reliant people that must place the crown of Freedom on Ireland's brow. If Ireland changed her position—if the people demanded national independence—Gladstone and Hangman Spencer would immediately pull off their hypocritical mask of assumed philanthropy and scourge our country like demons. From Ogden Grove four years ago a solemn warning was sent to Mr. Parnell, but it would seem that he is now unmindful of that warning. Let a bold, determined, patriotic declaration be sent to Parnell soon again. Let him be told that if we cannot have a movement worthy of the name of Ireland it would be well to wait for "other men and other times."

Unity, as Davis told us, is essential, but the poet never dreamed that we should go hand in hand with renegades and coercionists, nor admire and apostrophise England's paraphernalia. We cannot accuse Mr. Parnell of dishonesty nor of a lack of desire to serve Ireland. But Mr. Parnell has lowered the National flag and attempted to stifle National feeling. He had pledged the National faith that Ireland would be satisfied with a "Home Rule" mess of pottage, and pawned the National honor in exchange for a degrading English sympathy. He has by his too timid policy driven some of the very ablest and most brilliant Irishmen living from the movement and by allowing Gladstone to lead the Irish party he has virtually abdicated his functions as a people's leader. He has discountenanced and prevented a determined onslaught on the landlord garrison and made the damning admission that one Englishman is more powerful to serve Ireland than twenty millions of our race. The Ireland of today if we are to believe M.P.'s, is turning away from its grandest political idols. Tone, Emmet, and Fitzgerald showed Irishmen the true path to freedom. Mitchell and the Fenians trod that path unflinchingly. It is no pleasure path strewn with roses and no mutual admiration society of Irishmen and English "sympathizers" will travel far upon it. If Irishmen think that that path is beset with too much danger, if they tear the image of Emmet from their hearts, if his last dying words and the writings of Davis and Mitchel have ceased to sound like an chanting music in their ears, and if they recognize Gladstone as the representative of their country's nationality—the national cause is in imminent danger. There has been too much peace, too much quietness, too much nonsense in Ireland of late. Something is needed to show that the old spirit still lives. The resolutions that emanate from public bodies in Ireland are unworthy of a plundered people. No Irishman with national self-respect will participate in the present apology for an Irish movement. This is written with great respect to the officers of the League in this country, who are able, honest and efficient, but the paralysis that disables the movement at home has been felt here in their organization. English blarney has not only killed the organization in Ireland, but has actually converted to the ideas of Irish provincialism men from whom their country expected a good deal.

Irish Nationalists, think for a moment on Ireland's present position. Think of her valleys and hills, her rivers and her mountains. Think of the evictions proceeding at so alarming a rate. Think of the daily exodus from Queenstown. Think of the wrong and insult inflicted on your people by hireling magistrates. Think of the dark cells that await the young and the old who dare to protest against the people's extermination. Think of the espionage of the ruffianly police even at the very altar steps. Think of the murderous soldiery quartered in the country and waiting an opportunity to murder the people in the name of the queen. Think of the reign of robbery and wrong that ruined your idolized land, and will you not swear vengeance on her tormentors and resolve in God's name to plot and conspire until every English hell hound is driven away from dear old Ireland for ever?

JAMES W. MOORE.

"The Citizen" is Right.

[To the Editor.]

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 16.—THE CITIZEN is right; exactly right in its attitude toward Mr. Parnell and "The Grand Old Man." Ireland is, as you frankly, unequivocally admit, utterly incapable of successfully using physical force against England at present. All existing conditions and circumstances are against a physical force movement. Ireland must wait. But the cause of Ireland has nothing to gain and has much to lose by playthe *role* of "Uriah Heap." Representative Irishmen can at least maintain the national self respect, by abstaining from the dog-like act of licking the hand that smites their country, in the base hope of disarming English resentment by Irish submission. They can abstain from becoming a tail to the the Liberal party or of any other English party. To become a part of any English party is a tacit renunciation of their separate and distinct national character. If we can conceive any purpose that would justify the presence of Irishmen in the English parliament at all, it is that they might appear there as a separate body representing a separate nation, as a standing, living, solid, active protest against the right of the hostile majority to govern their country. Doing this they might occasionally serve Ireland, and still maintain her national self-respect. Ireland is at present feeble; but she has been much feebler, and has experienced revivals. Her soul still lives; and while it lives we must never despair. We must yield to despair only when the nation accepts the leadership and the teachings of those who approach the British parliament in a spirit of mendicancy; and who speak in terms of apology for those who died by physical force for Ireland.

JOHN BRENNAN.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WHAT IRELAND NEEDS.

An Interesting Letter from the Rev. Father Keegan of St. Malachy's Church, St. Louis.

Hope for Ireland if Her Leaders Will Only Nourish Her Genius and Enthusiasm.

[To the Editor.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 19.—I have just now read in the Irish correspondence of one of our weekly papers the following interesting expression of opinion: "Ireland's history has been a strange one, but surely the strangest thing in it would be, if the national movement were wrecked by drink sellers." The writer, Mr. Sherlock, has for years been connected with the most national of Irish newspapers, and he has the confidence of the parliamentary, or as it is sometimes not quite correctly called, the Irish National Party. If the "Irish National Cause" can be wrecked by the drink sellers, it must be in a very unsafe condition. I know that both here and in Ireland the Irish national cause is regarded by the best men to be at present in a very unsatisfactory condition. As I have for several years been preaching and proclaiming that the Irish national cause was not being carried out on exactly the right lines—a thing that procured me the honor of the practical enmity and applied malignity of certain prominent Irishmen—and as not only time has justified every word of my teaching, but many of the incredulous are coming over to my belief, that one of the essentials of success in the struggle for Irish liberty is the "building up" of a sound Irish national spirit, that shall spring from, be the issue of, and rest on the soil of Irish traditions, Irish language, Irish literature, art, music, song and racial feelings, I desire to call the attention of the Irish race once more to the opportunity that the present holds out for them, which if they utilize, they may be able to make Ireland a nation free and grand—to make her be to the future what Judea and Greece combined were to the past, the glorious mother of religion and civilization. As Mr. Stead says in his late interesting book "The Pope and the New Era," the Irish are the missionary race of the present. They are the only Christian people that are a religious power and all which that implies wherever they go. They are a religious power among all the peoples where they dwell, because religion is a power in their lives. Religion became the power that it is in their lives, or rather that it was a few generations past — because great men leavened and purified the laws, customs, literature, studies and their very amusements with the spirit of religion pure and undefiled. The Gaelic or Celtic civilization of Ireland was built upon the foundation of faith, it was cemented and permeated with the binding element of charity, it was lighted up with the undying hope in a higher life to be the reward of good works done in the flesh. The peculiar greatness of the Irish has been their singular correspondence with divine grace, their complete and continued possession by the spirit of Christain charity, their more than mortal unselfishness, and the constancy of the hope with which they have ever hoped for better things in this world and the next.

The Irish have been distinguished in history by these Christian characteristics—they came to possess them, firstly, because they are naturally a spiritual minded noble race, and secondly because St. Patrick who brought Christianity to Ireland, was peculiarly a man after God's own heart, a vessel full of the Holy Ghost, a man with natural qualities the most generous, pure and noble that ever ornamented the life of mortal man. He gave his own beautiful spirit to his disciples and successors, and indeed to the whole people. He took particular care to preserve what was best and grandest in the literature, traditions, laws and customs of the people; so that when they became Christians the Catholic faith became, as it were, natural to them, a part and parcel of their new lives of grace. It was filled and enriched by their beautiful customs and traditions, now purged from all unwholesome leaven. It was this very reason that enabled the church in Ireland, with God's help, to weather the awful storm of Protestant Reformation, Cromwellian persecutions, and Penal Laws. It was in the hearts, minds and souls of the people. It was in their songs, stories, music, traditions and even superstitions; for, indeed, their fairy land was only a pleasant rather worldly sort of purgatory. The manners, customs and racial qualities of the Irish have been to their Catholicity what the soil in which it grows is to the wine of Champaign. The same vines, if planted elsewhere, would produce wine, but not with the same royal flavor.

The Irish National movement during the last hundred years failed, because it was carried on upon the wrong lines—because it made use of the wrong means, or rather neglected the right ones—because it was directed to a vain and impossible end—because, in a word, it deserved to fail. It was carried on upon the wrong lines. It ignored the earnest, strong Celtic spirit of the people of the south and west, the real Ireland, and took no account of their aspirations to have their language and literature cherished and taught, and their natural Celtic aspirations given free and full play. It built on the sandy foundation of the English Pale, and substituted the beggarly provincial opinion of Dublin, instead of building on the everlasting rock of Celtic nationality, and developing the immortal aspirations of the men of the Gaidhal. It was directed to a vain and impossible end—to build up an Irish nation by destroying everything peculiarly Irish in the people. In truth the Irish national politics of the last four generations have been little more or better than an enormous Irish bull. Ireland, compared to other nations is poorer, more miserable, and with less elements of strength or hope in her, than she has been any time these last hundred years. At present she is provincial in mind and soul, as well as in political organization—and in parliamentary political aspiration. The once deep and copious fountains of national genius have, like desecrated "blessed wells" run dry. The substitution of English speech and English literature has cursed, burned and blasted everything grand and beautiful in Irish life and Irish genius. Here is what the English Labouchere says in his paper *Truth*. "For my part, I think that an Irishman, when he sets himself up to be ignorant of all things Irish other than the Parnell movement, and aims at being merely an Englishman with a bad accent, becomes rather uninteresting." These cutting, stinging, most apt and timely words were written in the course of a short but appreciative notice of an effort made by the Dublin *Nation* to revive an interest in the natural national Gaelic language and literature of Ireland. That paper now publishes a Gaelic column every week and is doing more for the creation of a sound Irish national spirit, than all the colleges, speakers, resolution makers and members of parliament put together. I hope that every Irishman who has self respect and desires the honor of his race to be upheld will patronize the brave old *Nation*, and enable it to do its work thoroughly.

To come back however. All our former constitutional efforts for Irish freedom have failed for the reasons just given. The greatest source of strength in the Irish was never utilized by their leaders. If there is anything heroic in the Gaidhal it is his love of his ancient faith and ancient ideals. The tremendous religious power of the Irish has been all derived from tradition, to the present and two past generations. For over a hundred years no religious power has been created among them; that which they derived from their old traditions has been merely utilized, and often utilized very poorly by their leaders, but still it has sufficed to change the face of the world, and to make the Catholic church stronger and firmer in the new world than it is in the old. Not only has no new religious force been created in Ireland during the last hundred years, but I think it is quite safe to say that the old measure is growing less and less with the restriction of the ancient language and traditions—for moral power, if the supply be not kept up, will diminish and come to nothing, just as the force of steam or electricity is expended and lost. I think that those in Ireland whom it very much concerns to know these truths, are coming to realise them. It is of the utmost importance to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people, that they be not only recognized as facts, but that issue be taken with the needs that arise from them, and that at once. There is good ground for hope that this shall be done. Some of the younger bishops are giving signs that they are ready to do for their country once again, what St. Patrick, St. Columbkille and St. Adhamhnan did for it in ages past. The most recent reports of the sermons, speeches and public acts generally of Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, show that he is fully alive to the wants of his countrymen. Every year's experience of his course of action brings out more and more the greatness of that magnificent young prelate. Where his predecessors were mere Paleamen, he has proved himself an Irishman—and an Irishman that cannot be bullied or tricked or wheedled. I once heard it said that Archbishop MacHale congratulated him when a student, on having taken the prize for Irish from the Connachtmen. Shall we not hope that now when he occupies a position of power and prestige, he will do for the Irish what his Connacht friends and comrades have left undone. With his deep political foresight, his tenacity of purpose, his rare abilities and rarer courage, the archbishop of Dublin is one of the most important allies ever received by Irish patriots. He, rather than Mr. Parnell, is the real leader of the Irish people today. He has only to take up the work of reviving the Irish language, literature, music and traditions, and he will be able to do more for Ireland than perhaps any man that has lived within the last thousand years.

This brings me at long and at last to my subject—what the Ancient Order of Hibernians have proposed to do for the old cause. In the first place they have brought up a resolution to impose a small tax on the members of the order to raise a sum sufficient to endow a Chair for Gaelic in the new Catholic University of Washington. This meets one of the greatest needs of the time. It will do everlasting honor to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and will be a source of strength and pride to our people at home and abroad. Their second project to help the fishing and the other now neglected industries of Ireland, as well as to buy out estates for the evicted tenants is actuated by the same wisdom and generous spirit as the other. It is a great opportunity, and that the Ancient Order have taken advantage of it, shows they are guided by prudent councils. If they carry out these plans successfully they will have accomplished a great part of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

JAMES KEEGAN.
(MacAedhagain).

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or grayness.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BACK IN CLARE.

Convict No. 37 arrived in Clare in due time. True to the instincts of the Irishman ever, his first visit was to the place where his old home was situated. Alas! there was no vestige of it remaining. The ground on which it stood, as well as the garden that surrounded it, had been thrown into the adjoining field; and the plowshare had many a time, in the ten years he had been absent, passed over it. There was nothing whatever to indicate that a home had ever been there; that happy hearts had dwelt thereon; that pleasant faces had gathered beneath a roof tree there; that prayers from thankful hearts had ever thence gone up to heaven.

It was in the morning he arrived. The sun was shining down pleasantly, as it had often done in the olden time; the country around was rich with the golden promise of the coming harvest; the sea in the distance lay tranquil and shining. But the returned convict saw none of these beauties of sea or land. His mind carried him back over a decade of years, and he saw, in his imagination, his little home as it was then. He saw himself advancing homewards from his early work to his breakfast, the dear face of his wife at the door, her baby crowing in her arms to welcome his approach. He could, in his dreamy way, see the breakfast laid, the simple adornments of his kitchen glistening on the walls, under the tidy care of his wife—proud of her neatness—and the roses, that, opening to the sun, gave out their perfume.

Shaking off the reveries that crowded on him, Phelim awoke to the present circumstances. He heaved a deep sigh for the vanished past, and with slow steps withdrew.

He would have knelt on the place where the hearthstone once was, and have said a prayer thereon, but for two reasons. In the first place, he was afraid that his return might be discovered if his actions became too conspicuous, and in the second place, at the moment his heart was more inclined for maledictions than prayers. The long days of his imprisonment rose up before him; the horrors of his prison cell came in all their dread array to his imagination.

To banish them he turned away and with heedless steps wandered towards the shore.

He was pining to see the grave of his wife and child, but who was to show him? Who could he speak to without danger of detection? Without at all intending harm to him, people would talk, the news would spread, and it might, and would reach the ears of those in authority. Lonely and desolate though he was, his short period of freedom had made liberty very dear to him. If only to exist, and wander about in the sunshine—what a paradise that even was compared with the horrors of the dark prison cell!

Still he must see his wife's grave, and somebody he must ask. But whom?

Suddenly a thought strikes him, and as it does, he wonders it has not come into his head before. Why not call to the priest—Father Tom? There, if he were still living he would find secrecy and information and sympathy. There was no danger of harm coming to him there. None.

With a quick thrill of hope and pleasure through his breast, the convict turned with lighter steps in the direction of the priest's house. It was a long walk, but in the new found joy of having struck on a friend, and a sure one, the distance seemed nothing.

Taking the most lonely and isolated ways along the shore, he, after a rapid walk, found himself at the priest's house.

He knocked timidly at the hall door. There was no response. He knocked a second time, and it was with a throbbing at his heart, that he found himself powerless to control, he heard a footstep approach. He pulled the leaf of his hat over his face in instinctive endeavor to conceal his features.

The door opened, and the well known features of Father Tom presented themselves. It the ten years passed had much altered the returned man they had not been without change on the priest himself. His hair once black had grown silver white; his form once erect had grown bent, and the once keen and piercing black eyes were now concealed with glasses. All this Phelim Rorke noticed with the first glance.

Father Tom was reading his breviary and was so absorbed in his prayers that it was purely mechanically he opened the door, and now gazed rather vacantly at the form thereat as if waiting for him to speak. Which Phelim, seeing how matters stood, promptly did.

"I want to speak to your reverence."

"A sick call?"

"No, your reverence, it isn't. I want to speak to you inside."

"Very well," said Father Tom affably; "come in."

"Your reverence don't remember me?" said Phelim, as he and the priest stood together in the little parlor.

The priest looked at him keenly, but finally shook his head.

"No, I don't," he said.

"Your reverence might, then," said Phelim, disappointedly. "My name is Rorke—Phelim Rorke. I lived over at the——"

"You're not Phelim Rorke that was—transported?" said Father Tom, with a gleam of recollection flashing asudden across his countenance.

"The very same, your reverence," said Phelim with a strange sense of weakness running through him.

"What! It can't be. Why, so it is! Phelim, my poor fellow, I'm glad to see you again! What brought you here, or how did you come back?"

"It's a long story to tell, your reverence," said Phelim, with an effort to repress the tears which he felt to be rapidly rising to his eyes, "and maybe you wouldn't have time to listen to me."

"Time! I have time enough!" said Father Tom, putting a mark in his breviary to show him where he had left off reading, and closed the book. "I have often thought of you—often prayed for you."

"It's just like your reverence," said Phelim with a strange mist growing before his eyes.

"Yes, the world had sore crosses for you—had many trials for you; but God has His own wise ways for all things. Take a seat, for you look tired and worn. You must take a little refreshment. Bless my soul!" said Father Tom in much astonishment, as he searched in his cupboard for some stimulant for the wayworn visitor—"to think that you should have come back again! Take that—it will do you good. Well, and how did you come back. They let you free, I suppose. Heaven knows!—so they ought."

"They didn't, then, your reverence."

"No!" said Father Tom with a fresh accent of astonishment from a different quarter. "And how did you get free?"

"I'll tell your reverence," said Phelim, proceeding to narrate the circumstances already detailed in these pages.

"Well, Phelim," said the priest when the narrative was concluded, "that's a very singular story."

"And true every word of it, your reverence."

"I am quite sure it is," said Father Tom heartily. "But it is very strange all the same. God must have some purpose in bringing you back here."

Phelim shook his head.

"I only came back for what I told you."

"That was your notion; but the ways of God are inscrutable. And so you would like to see your wife's grave?"

"I would indeed—if anybody knew where it was."

"I do, Phelim. I helped to bury her. If much sorrow and undeserved suffering lead, as they do, to a better world, I assisted at the burial of a saint. But you shall see it, Phelim—I shall drive you in my trap over there presently."

In a short time the trap was ready, and Father Tom drove him to the graveyard. And there, Father Tom having business elsewhere, left him—kneeling on the green grass below which rested the ashes of his wife and child.

It was dusk by the time he could tear himself away from the place—somehow it seemed to him as if the dead below could hear him, could hear what passionate words of love and sorrow fell from his lips.

The time had come, at any rate, that it was necessary that he should leave. And the next question was where should he go? Kevin had given him his address, but it was a long distance from Clare to Athlone, and Phelim's money was very scanty.

He pondered long what he should do. If he had mentioned the circumstances to Father Tom assistance would have been cordially rendered him. But Phelim would have torn his heart out before mentioning his necessities to the kind old priest—all the more indeed because of his kindness.

Suddenly the thought struck him: That secret find of old that had brought him so much trouble—what if he were to avail himself of it now? He remembered distinctly the place in which it was—remembered it, as he had said to Kevin Moore, many a time in his lonely cell. He rather feared to go there, but necessity had no law—there was no other way of pursuing his journey.

Thither accordingly he directed his steps.

He had but little difficulty in finding the rath. It lay like similar places all over Ireland, untouched—as in the night when he last was there. The whin bushes still covered it, for no hand was sacrilegious enough to disturb the shrubs that covered the ashes of the forgotten dead.

Similarly, he had but little difficulty in finding where, therein, was the place in which he had found the treasure. It was at the root of a thick holly tree. The grass had grown over the place many a time since he by accident had uncovered it, and now clothed it as with a thick carpet of moss.

He tore this up with his hands.

The clinking of coin, as he probed the yielding clay, soon proved to him how true his memory was, and how deeply this incident had ingarined itself on his recollection thrhugh all his troubles.

Yes, the gold was there—still undiscovered and untouched!

He gathered carefully a quantity of the coins, and filled one pocket with them. Then he carefully covered it up again, replaced the grass as carefully as he could, and rose to leave; not without a curious feeling of apprehension that made his heart violently palpitate.

What had brought the treasure there? What hurrying haud, in the days when fire and sword wrought ruin and havoc over the land, had hidden it there for security until the war and rapine had passed? What had become of the hand that hid it, and that never came back to look for the lost gold? Had raiding sword of the robber foeman smote him down, and ended at once the thread of his life and all knowledge of his secret? Or, mayhap, plundering hand had hidden the gold there, and swift retribution following had left his treasure for ever more to him valueless.

It was while Phelim, hurrying through the bushes of the rath, pondered over these things, that he became suddenly aware that—there was somebody walking beside him!

The blood rushed back into his heart. A cold thrill like the rush of icewater down his back seized him. The old terrors of his convict life were upon him again with accumulated force! A paralysis of fear surged through his brain, rendering him almost unconscious of thought.

Since his liberation of convict life, by the shipwreck, he had been entirely free from these visitations. It did seem as if, in the glory of God's sunlight and freedom, he was in the future to be free from the horrors that haunted him in the darkness of the prison—as it they and liberty were incompatible.

But here now they were again around him!

With a shuddering nameless fear over him, which he was wholly unable to even attempt to strive against, he walked along, unconscious of what he was doing; but keeping his head averted from the object at his side.

But step for step beside him—he knew it well, though he saw it not, and though no result followed its movements—the silent companion kept pace with him. If he walked slowly it walked slowly—if, in breathless terror, he quickened his pace it was still beside him. There seemed to be no escape—no possible chance of avoiding it. More than that, he felt by some certain sense within him, that the ghostly partner of his walk knew what he was even thinking of!

He had never looked in the direction of the shadow, of whatever it was, that moved at his side. Nor could he do so if all the world were to be reward for the effort!

Mile after mile—he knew not how many—he had no thought of time or space, or no power of thinking thereof—he traveled over the moorlands that stretched along the sea.

Every step was laden with terrors. Whatever agony he suffered in prison was added to an hundred fold as the noiseless form beside him kept pace with him, moving as he moved, hurrying as he hurried, halted as he halted in the uncertain footing of the swampy low lands.

Such night of terrors seldom man passed before!

Bodily pain, the will can sometimes overcome; even, if otherwise, the dulled senses become accustomed to it; and at the worst there are moments of relaxation from even the most intense.

But no sense of relief came—or could come—to the increasing fears that grew with every step he moved.

Was this the same visitant, that, passing through bolt and bar and fastened door, stood beside him in the darkness of the prison cell?

That one talked—spoke to him; this one moved silently beside him.

Oh! terror unutterable!

He was weary of walking, yet still, with eyes averted, he moved on. The perspiration had burst through every pore of his body; had dried; had burst forth again with a fresh accession of insupportable—of supernatural fear!

Would his agony never end?

A light shone on his gaze—a faint light; and presently a building formed itself to his eyes out of the gloom.

He knew it well—knew it from its cruciform shape and the sign that surmounted the gable end.

It was a building that in the evil days of the penal laws—and the not less evil days of antiquated bigotry in those remote districts—could be only erected in some waste place, in some no man's land. It was the chapel.

Some sense of succor came to him. The light shining in the humble thatched edifice, was the light burning in the sanctuary before the altar!

As if the silent being at his side knew what thought possessed him, it moved closer to him!

He could almost feel its impalpable touch at his elbow!

He was passing by the opened door. Some ceremony had been going on, now over, and the building though still unclosed was apparently empty.

He turned sharply—to go in.

It was his only chance for safety, relief, and succor!

At the moment he felt himself seized by something that, as it touched his neck, seemed to burn him. A hot burning breath was on his face! The clutch seemed to rend his frame!

It was like no touch of earthly thing!

With a cry of mortal fear, with a strength rendered supernatural by this fresh accession of terror, in a frenzy of overpowering agony, he burst from the thing that clutched him, and flew into the little church! It seemed to him as if a shriek of unearthly rage and despair rang through the building from the door as, guided by the light of the pale lamp dimly burning in the sanctuary, he flew in that direction.

A statue stood at one side of the carpeted altar — shining whitely in the gloom.

"Oh! Comfortress of the afflicted!"

He threw himself before it, clasped one arm around it; and, his strength now wholly given way, while the big drops of perspiration burst from his forehead, fell senseless beside it!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

$100,000 FOR $20.

A. A. Marcus, a Jewish Rabbi, Secures a Fortune from The Louisiana State Lottery.

Golden fruitage has fallen from The Louisiana State Lottery Company, plumb into the pocket of a well-known citizen of Boston.

It is Alfred A. Marcus this time, and the plum struck him $100,000 worth.

Alfred Marcus is the familiar figure on our streets, having had extensive dealings in real estate, and he is generally conceded a very shrewd business man. In deeds of benevolence among his people he is hardly surpassed. and as one of the more fortunate of his class he has always been ready to relieve the wants of the distressed. In religious circles he figures as one of the strictly orthodox Jews. He not only has built two synagogues, but in one of them on Church street he is the rabbi, and there is seen every Saturday conducting the service and reading the sermon. One day last week he paid off the mortgage on one of his churches, which, it has leaked out, was due to his good fortune in securing the plum from The Louisiana State Lottery pie. It seems that a few days previous to the drawing, of May 13, he bought a whole ticket, No. 39,825. He paid $20 for the ticket, and on the May 13 drawing found his was the lucky number, (39,825) and had drawn the entire second capital prize of $100,000. The next morning, going to C. H. Allen of the Central National Bank, the money was sent for and received on Friday, May 23.—*Boston (Mass) Record, June 9.*

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

GAELIC POETRY.

Comhradh E-ectoir agus Andromaiche,

Aisdrighthe ó n' Greigis go Gaoidhilge le Seághan Ard-Easpog Thuama.

Andromache—

Mo mháthair bantighan crich 'na g-coilte dubh,
Do thug sé leis, a's táinte trom' le bruth,
Acht cheanuigh sí a saoirse o'n geabhal mhór,
Aig brouadh morán maoin do, agus ór.
Sudh geárr an t-am 's éis fileadh chum crich'
Gur fhág gath Diau f gan aon deo 'nna luighe.
Air feadh do mharthain, agam beidhir go bráth,
Mar athair, mathair, brathair, céile grádhach,
Acht glac dam truaighe, agraim thu, na bi
Mar stocar mi ádh aig do mhac 's do mhnaoi:
Mise na fág mar bheantreughach le mo chrádh
'Gus ó 'nu a dfleacht gan aon tach no sgáth,
Acht ann so fan, san áit a bh-fuil trom geug
De cran fioga, tabhairt do na Greug',
Sinte le balla, uain maith agus slighe
Le beagán saothair lonnsuidh steach sa Troighe,
Tri h uaire d'fheuch leis fir is áirde cíú,
Dis na Ajacs cumasach le lúth,
'Gus Iodmiun 's Tuide milteach air a bh-fáith
'S mac Athri, Agmon, ceann na Féaahna 's sgáith
'S a bhráthair Muinleá, seolta le gaeth' Deá
Ná us a neart téin muh.neach, gan sgath."

Translation by Alexander Pope.

Adromache—

By the same arm, my seven brave brothers fell,—
On one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,—
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands;
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee;
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig trees join the wall of Troy;
Thou from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host;
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated, by heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay, my Hector, here, and guard your Troy.

Hector's reply next week.

"BOTCH WORK!"

So Eleanor Kirk Terms the Government Census of the Year of Grace, 1890.

How the Good Lady Sympathized With a Poor, Worn, Delicate Enumerator Who Called Upon Her.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., June 21.—"If you had a brother in prison, or you owed your grocer a bill that you couldn't pay, or was afflicted with a cancer, or threatened with paresis, would you tell the census enumerator of it?"

I have been asked this and similar questions a hundred times, and have invariably and emphatically replied "No, I would not." But there is another side to this question which has been very perplexing. Is it right for those who have nothing to conceal to answer those questions? Is it not an act of selfishness to do so, when one's neighbors may have a totally different environment? Is it not the business of the strong to protect the weak, the happy to look out for the unhappy? What of the quivering soul next door who is endeavoring to hold up her head and do her work while her boy serves out a sentence for theft? What of the wife who sees her husband every day groying less and less competent to manage his business, the probabilities of his condition being a secret between herself and the physician? The fact is, this last endeavor to lay hold of facts is simply governmental botchwork. If there is absolute need of this information, there are other more humane, to say nothing of more delicate, ways of procuring it. Now I have been watching with the greatest interest the advent of the census taker, and felt myself growing taller and mightier every time I thought of him. But when my eyes rested upon the poor, tired, hollow cheeked, polite-to deprecation individual who timidly rang my bell, and stepped over the threshold with the air of a man who felt that when the front door closed upon him, he was lost, I was really on the point of saying, "Don't be afraid, Bubby, nobody can hurt you for there isn't a citizen in the house from garret to cellar." But I refrained and waited developments. It was an exceedingly tame interview. I wanted to ask him if the government would permit him to accept a cup of coffee and a piece of steak from my hands, but I didn't do so, and have been sorry ever since. If ever a man needed heartening up this man did. And now for a confession. I really did answer all the questions he asked me, and much good may this information do the United States. I don't know that I should have told him that I wasn't a lunatic if he hadn't informed me that he had been lifted out of two houses that morning for suggesting a reply to a similar query. If I have left the unfortunate to take care of themselves in this matter, it was only because I couldn't make it any harder for "the stranger within my gates," and perhaps this charity is worth as much as the other. I am going to try and think so, anyway.

It would be more agreeable to me if all my correspondents would sign their names to their communications. Occasionally a letter reaches me that needs a private response. In fact it is quite impossible to reply to such in public print. One of this kind is signed "Country Dressmaker." And as I think I know a way out of her physical trouble I should be glad to hear from her again. Her letter contains one item which will be of general interest. "I have been a hard working dressmaker for twenty years," she writes, "and most difficult and nerve-wearing part of my work has been that of draping and hanging skirts properly. I have not lived exactly in the back woods, but I had never heard of the Hall Bazaar dress form until you mentioned it. I thank you for this information with all my heart. My work seems wonderfully lightened, and my customers are all better natured, for there are very few ladies who are able to stand still long enough for a dressmaker to get all the points."

There is so much said and justly said at the present time in criticism of the courses of study in our public schools and the general brain-muddling of children that I have naturally hesitated about suggesting anything more for our little folks to learn. But a letter from a lady lately received, gives me courage to air my ideas a little. She says that her little girl 10 years old could not endure the bad air and the hurry skurry of a pubic school, and her physician declared that the child's nervous system was breaking to pieces under the strain. As the mother could not afford a private school, she was obliged to give the child's education her personal attention. Being a widow and compelled to support herself and three children, this was an added burden. As the mother earned her living by means of stenography and type writing, it occurred to her one day to give her little girl a short lesson on her Remington machine. The child was greatly pleased, and in the language of my correspondent, "took to it as naturally as a duck to water." In easy connection with this study came practical instruction in grammar and punctuation, so that the child when manipulating the upper and lower cases, was learning very pleasantly other things that alone would have been hard and dry. This continued for six months, and now the girl, not yet eleven years old, is a better operator than her mother. I can endorse every word of this communication from a similar personal experience. Children love to practice on a type-writer, and they do learn to compose grammatically and rhetorically much faster than in any other way. I do not know whether I have a little girl who could discount my correspondent's little girl in this matter, but there are several that I know who could even now, if necessity required, earn their own bread and butter. Children who thus prrctice should be made to sit properly, and fifteen minutes at a time is long enough to begin with.

Harper's Magazine for June seems almost to have beaten its own record for originality and brilliancy. The illustrations are exquisite, and the cultured reader, whatever his taste, will find something to satisfy it. Those who have been been ploying "Bumble-puppy," under the mistaken idea that they were playing whist, will find no excuse for further ignorance, while the novice will find the most comprehensive instruction in this beautiful number.

To "Would-be Stylish," I would say that the women whose examples are worth following will not wear skirts that sweep the ground. I think I can say with perfect honesty that the most stylish women will not. Certainly those of us who care for cleanliness and health will have our dresses and petticoats swing clear of the dirty roads and pavements. Of course our skirts will wear more or less on the bottom, in consequence of going up and down stairs, and in response to my correspondent's second question, I would reply that Goff's braid is the strongest and most economical skirt binding in the market. It is perfectly smooth, wears like iron, ank can be found in all colors.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. L Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 583 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisinum—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 383 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomuceno—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 79 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

A DESTROYING MONSTER

Sweep of the Cyclone Through Portions of Illinois.

THE TOWN OF PAW PAW WIPED OUT

Seventeen People Known to Have Been Killed at That Place—Earlville Also Visited and a Number of People Killed—A School House Wrecked Near Mendota and the Teacher and Pupils Badly Injured—Great Loss of Property.

EARLVILLE, Ills., June 21.—At 4:30 Friday afternoon occurred the most terrible storm that has ever visited this section. The scene of the worst part of the storm was six miles north of this city at what is known as the Deacon Hunt school house. Two clouds were seen to meet. The next thing seen was what appeared to be a thick, heavy mist, but in reality was a fearful cloud-burst. The school house was the first object in the path of the storm and was entirely swept away, together with the inmates, consisting of the teacher and six pupils. Six of the bodies have since been found. They are badly bruised and entirely divested of clothing.

Names of Those Killed.

Peter Reames, a pedler who lived near Paw Paw, was passing the school house with a team and wagon and was also caught by the storm and killed. His body was found lodged in a willow fence. Nothing has yet been seen of the team or wagon. The following are the names of those who were killed at the school house: Maggie McBride, teacher; Edna Hunt, Jennie Radley, Minnie Berry, Lena Prentice, Carey White, Jr., Ada Rudolph.

Searching for the Victims.

Jacob Rudolph, a farmer living near, was the first upon the scene, but in fording the stream he was caught by the rushing waters and carried down to a bridge, where he at length gained a footing and succeeded in rescuing the bodies of Miss McBride and one of the pupils. Others of the parents and neighbors soon followed upon the scene of desolation and entered upon the task of searching for the bodies of their loved ones. After a long search all were found except the body of little Carey White, and searching parties now are continuing the search and will undoubtedly find the body.

ANOTHER SCHOOL HOUSE WRECKED.

Terrible Effects of a Cyclone Near Mendota, Ill.

MENDOTA, Ill., June 21.—A cyclone swept over the country about nine miles north of this city late Friday afternoon and did great damage. Owing to its being in the country it is impossible to obtain particulars. The storm started west of Sublette and traveled about ten miles in a southeasterly direction in a path half a mile wide. Hundreds are wounded, but as yet no one is reported dead. Ten houses are blown to kindlingwood in the village of Sublette. A school-house near Phillip Slassinger's, north of this city, containing twenty-five children, was blown to atoms, and the teacher and children were found lying about the debris bruised and bleeding. All the doctors from the city are on the scene. Many farm-houses were blown to pieces near West Brooklyn. Further particulars cannot be obtained at this writing.

AWFUL WORK AT PAW PAW.

The Town Struck by a Cyclone and Seventeen People Killed.

DIXON, Ill., June 21.—Paw Paw, a small town in the eastern part of this county, was struck by a cyclone Friday afternoon and seventeen people killed and the town destroyed. The wires are all down between Amboy and Paw Paw, and the news was brought in by a carrier over the country. No more news can be obtained at this time. Mrs. Sittler is the name of the woman killed at Sublette. A dispatch just received by the prosecuting attorney from the coroner at Amboy states that the number of killed is greater than at first reported, and that a relief party has gone from that city to Paw Paw. Great damage was done in the surrounding country.

In Lee County, Ill.

AMBOY, Ill., June 21.—Sublette, Lee county, a town of about 500 inhabitants, eight miles south of here on the Illinois Central, was visited by the cyclone. The storm struck the extreme north end of the village, demolishing six or seven houses. A Mrs. Bitner is reported dead, and eight or ten other persons are wounded. The space covered by the cyclone was about forty rods wide. The storm was very severe at Amboy and vicinity. With the exception of two or three houses being blown down three miles west of Amboy, no other damage is reported.

Severe Storm at Bloomington.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 21.—More than four inches of rain fell in three hours. The deluge proved to be too much for the capacity of the sewers, and the lower portions of the city were flooded. Basements were filled with water and mud and much property damaged. Several planing and other mills were unable to start up, the water having invaded their furnace-rooms.

Another Offer for That Lottery.

NEW ORLEANS, June 21.—Prosper Lamal, a prominent importer of this city, has telegraphed to Senator Numa, at Baton Rouge, that he is authorized by a Belgian and French syndicate to offer the state $1,500,000 a year for a twenty-five-year charter for a lottery on the same basis as the Louisiana Lottery company is operated.

Death of a Well-Known Turfman.

NEW YORK, June 21.—Richard C. Lyons, of Bridgeport, a well-known turfman, died suddenly Friday at his brother's residence in this city. He was about 40 years old. He strained himself internally a few days ago while driving one of his horses, and death is supposed to have resulted from this injury.

Bowman's Slayer Acquitted.

ST. LOUIS, June 21.—Judge Thomas of the circuit court Saturday morning at 11 o'clock charged the jury in the Bowman-Chambers murder trial to either bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree or acquittal. The jury retired at 11:20 a. m., and at 2.25 returned a verdict of acquittal.

Another Boy Murderer.

BLANDINSVILLE, Ills., June 21.—Otis Pennington and Elmer Hamilton, two lads of 12, quarreled while swimming in a pool, one boy's clothing having been tied in hard knots. Young Pennington shot the Hamilton boy through the bowels, death resulting within a few hours.

BEEN FASTING SIX MONTHS.

Remarkable Pennsylvania Case That Puzzles the Doctors.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 16.—Mrs. Adam Wuchter, of South Whitehall, five miles from here, has taken practically no nourishment for six months and has not tasted a drop of water since Good Friday, April 4, seventy-one days ago. Her case is puzzling the local physicians here beyond measure and has attracted wide curiosity among the medical fraternity. She is barely alive. Sixteen months ago she was taken ill of a mysterious disorder. Physicians are at a loss what to make of the strange malady.

She Takes No Medicines.

Eight months ago they ceased administering medicines, though they have continued their visits regularly on account of the extraordinary features of the case. Since then the poor woman has only occasionally been able to take a teaspoonful of liquid nourishment and no solid food whatever. Mrs. Wuchter suffers pain in her head almost constantly and is subject to frequent violent spasms. She is 38 years of age.

AN UNPROVOKED MURDER.

A Texas Cowboy Shot Down by a Negro Policeman.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 16.—C. W. Collins, the 18-year-old son of Rev. James Collins, a Baptist minister at Pearsall, Tex., was shot and killed in this city by James Stevens, a negro policeman. Collins was a cowboy, and came into the city with another cowboy named Dobbs. After spending several hours in seeing the sights the two young men started for their ranch. According to Dobbs' story they were riding quietly through the street when Collins' horse became frightened, and started to run, when without warning, Stevens, who was standing on the sidewalk fired two shots at Collins, one of the bullets passing through his heart and causing instant death. Stevens claims that Collins fired the first shot but no pistol was found on either cowboy when searched. Boys and cattlemen of the surrounding country are much excited over the killing, and threats of lynching are heard on all sides.

A THRONE FOR A HUSBAND.

The Archduchess Valeria Gives Up Her Claim to the Crown.

VIENNA, June 16.—Archduchess Valeria has publicly renounced all claims to the Austrian throne in order to marry the man of her choice. The ceremony of renunciation took place in the imperial council chamber. It was an affecting and impressive scene. The archducess after the formal declaration, which was duly attested and proclaimed, turned to the emperor and members of the imperial family and said: "A loving husband would make a true woman happier than a thousand thrones." The emperor took his daughter to his arms and all present were deeply touched.

Death by Cholera at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 16.—Considerable alarm is felt here over the publication of a funeral announcement in which the cause of death is set down as cholera. Friday Viola, infant daughter of Dr. Engelbert Voerster, aged 3 months and 4 days, died, and the doctor in the official burial certificate stated that the child had died from cholera. The health officer says it must have been cholera infantum, but Dr. Voerster is a skillful physician, and it is hard to believe he would have made a mistake in the case of his own child.

Married on a Running Train.

CASSELTON, N. D., June 16.—Ex-City Justice C. E. Foster was married to Miss M. McCormick, of Billings, Mont. The ceremony was performed on board the east-bound train on the Northern Pacific. The bride came from the west on that train, being joined here by the groom with the clergyman and a large party of friends. They were assigned a car and the clergyman proceeded at once to business, uniting the couple while the train was running at a speed of forty-five miles an hour.

Explosion in a Snyagogue.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 16.—The interior of the synagogue of the Moses Montefiore Jewish congregation was damaged to the amount of $2,000 by an explosion of gas. The building had been tightly closed since Monday, and it is supposed that the gas, which leaked from a defective pipe, was ignited by the "everlasting light" above the altar. The synagogue, though it seats but 200 people, is one of the most elaborate and beautiful religious buildings in the west.

Severe Storm at Lincoln, Neb.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 16.—A heavy wind and rain storm visited this city early Monday morning. A three-story brick building on East O street, belonging to A. J. Bailey, was demolished and two or three uncompleted buildings were more or less damaged. The ruined block was imperfectly constructed, and fell an easy prey to the storm. The total damage will not exceed $20,000. No one hurt.

Row at Sunday Picnic.

ELMWOOD, Ohio, June 16.—Between 200 and 300 persons attended a picnic about two miles north of here Sunday given by some Cincinnati club. Beer was the attraction. Late in the afternoon a general fight occurred, in which two men were fatally hurt. Three or four were dangerously wounded and a score, including several girls, were badly cut and shot.

Says It Is Asiatic Cholera.

MADRID, June 16.—Dr. Candela, the famous expert and specialist, who has made an investigation into the subject, pronounces the disease which has appeared in the province of Valencia to certainly be the dreaded Asiatic cholera. At Puebla de Pugat and vicinity ninety-one deaths from cholera have already occurred and the scourge is spreading.

Cut Both His Feet Off.

WINDSOR, Ont., June 18.—While Sam Anthony, a deck hand on the steam barge Owen, was attempting to make the boat fast to the dock the hawser entwined his feet, taking both off at the ankles. He will die.

Rolling Mill Destroyed.

DETROIT, June 18.—The rolling mill of the Detroit Steel and Spring works burned at noon. Loss, $50,000. The company had only Tuesday given heavy mortgages to secure creditors.

The Brooklyn Suburban.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The great Brooklyn Suburban race was run Tuesday and was won by Salvator, Cassius second and Tenny third; time, 2:06 4-5.

JACK KETCH AT WORK.

Executions in Different Parts of the Country.

A DOUBLE HANGING AT ELKO, NEV.

Joseph Potts and His Wife Die on the Gallows for the Brutal Murder of a Man to Whom They Were Indebted—Edward Davis and Rudolph Dubois Hanged in Canada for Murder—History of Their Crimes.

ELKO, Nev., June 20.—The execution of Joseph Potts and his wife Elizabeth for the murder of Miles Fawcett, at Carlin on Jan. 1, 1888, took place here Friday. Fawcett, who was about 70 years of age, lived on a ranch a few miles from Carlin, where he had some stock and several hundred dollars in money. Mrs. Potts did his washing and baking and Fawcett lent the Potts' several hundred dollars, which they subsequently refused to repay. On Jan. 1 Fawcett, with one Limeberger went to Potts' house to demand the money. Limeberger, after accepting a glass of liquor, left the house, leaving Fawcett there to transact his business. That was the last ever seen of Fawcett until his body was found in the following year. Potts' family stated that Fawcett had settled up all his business, had given Mrs. Potts a bill of sale of all his property and had left for parts unknown.

Discovery of the Crime.

In September, 1888, the Potts family sold their property and that formerly belonging to Fawcett and removed to Rock Springs, Wy. T. The body of Fawcett, partly burned, with the limbs severed from the trunk, and the skull crushed in, was found in January, 1889, by the caving-in of a roof of a dug-out cellar attached to the house formerly occupied by the Potts'. The family were brought back to Elko for trial. Circumstantial evidence went to show that Mrs. Potts struck Fawcett on the back of the head with an ax as he was lying in bed, and also fully implicated Potts in the crime. The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the supreme court affirmed the decision.

PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE.

Execution at Belleville, Ont., of Edward Davis.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., June 20.—The execution of Edward Davis, for the murder of William Emory in Marmora township on Sept. 19 last, took place at 8 o'clock Friday morning. Davis' spiritual advisers were with him until a late hour, and to them he declared his innocence of the crime, saying he was several miles away when it was committed. At 7 o'clock in the morning the holy communion was administered to the condemned man, who appeared quite cheerful. At 7:55 the procession started for the scaffold. Davis ascended the steps without a tremor, and standing on the trap that was soon to launch him into eternity, he exclaimed: "I am innocent, so help me God." Prayer was then engaged in, the doomed man repeating the response in a loud voice. The weight was then sprung. Davis' legs twicheel for a few moments and then were still. His neck was broken.

Convicted on Circumstantial Evidence.

The crime for which Davis was hanged was of a particularly atrocious character. Some four years ago he was employed by Emory as a farm laborer, and in a short time succeeded in debauching his employers wife, a rather good looking woman of some 30 years of age and the mother of three children. Emory learned of the intimacy and Davis was discharged. Davis vowed vengeance against Emory and continued to visit the woman when opportunity offered. On Sept. 19, Emory left home to cut hay in a marsh four miles distant and on the next day he was found there dead with a bullet wound in his breast. Davis was seen in the vicinity the day before the murder. He was arrested, tried and convicted, the evidence being purely circumstantial. The woman was also tried as an accessory but was acquitted.

KILLED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Rudolph Dubois, a Brutal Murderer, Expiates His Crime.

QUEBEC, Can., June 20.—Rudolph Fritz Dubois was hanged here at 8 o'clock Friday morning for the murder of his wife, two children and his mother-in-law on Feb. 23rd last in the small parish of St. Alban, Port Neuf county. At 7:55 o'clock Dubois, supported by some of the jail guards and accompanied by the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Bland, ascended the scaffold. He addressed those present, saying: "Well, gentlemen, I am very sorry for the deed I have done. I hope I will meet my wife and children in Heaven; that's all." The Lord's prayer was then said, Dubois repeating the words after the clergyman. Dubois did not show the least sign of weakness. As the clergyman reached the "Amen" of the prayer the drop was sprung and Dubois, after a few spasmodic movements of the body, was dead.

Dubois' Awful Crime.

The crime for which Dubois was executed was the result of a quarrel. His wife and mother in-law had complained of his lazy ways and of his depending on the scanty means of his father-in-law for the support of his family and himself. Enraged at their remarks, he seized an ax and butchered his victims in a hideous manner. He threw the four bodies in the cellar and fled toward Port Neuf, intending to board the first passing train, but was arrested before making good his escape. He was tried and convicted, his defense being homicidal mania. A petition in his favor was presented to the governor general in council but he refused to interfere.

Fatally Shot Her Husband.

GREENSBURG, Pa., June 20.—Dr. W. J. Hammer, a popular dentist, and his wife, of this city, had a dispute over a trivial matter. The wife called her father, who attempted to act as peacemaker. Dr. Hammer became enraged, and knocked the old gentleman down with a cane. Mrs. Hammer seized a revolver from a bureau drawer, and shot her husband through the right lung, inflicting fatal injuries. The prominence of the parties adds interest to the affair.

Struck and Killed by Lightning.

NEWARK, Ohio, June 20.—Three young men took shelter under trees a mile north of Johnstown during a storm. One—Frank Clouse, aged 21—was struck by lightning and instantly killed. All his wearing apparel was torn off and his body covered with streaks. Silver money in his pocket melted and ran together.

ABDUCTED HIS OWN SISTER.

A Struggle for the Control of a Great Estate.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., June 21.—A stalwart man rushed down the St. Cloud hotel stairway leading from the parlors Friday, bearing in his arms a young lady who was struggling to escape. The girl was hurried into a carriage which was in waiting, and in a moment more the vehicle was out of sight. The girl, whose name is Neva Cochran, is heiress to the greater part of a large estate, Herman Watson and Samuel McCleary, of Lawrence county, being her guardians.

The Brothers Make a Bold Strike.

She was sent to school at Sterling, Ills., where she lived with her aunt, but her sister and two brothers, living in Lawrence county, wanted to have Neva come and live with them. It is thought that the brothers, finding that their sister was unwilling to come and live with them, determined to take her away by force, and found their first opportunity Friday. Detives are in pursuit, but so far have been unable to catch up with them.

THE SHADOWING OF O'BRIEN.

An Ingenius Plan Adopted by the Parnellites.

LONDON, June 21.—A singularly ingenius plan was put in practice by the Parnellites with a view to illustrating to members of parliament and others the peculiar methods resorted to by the government in its obnoxious system of espionage of Irish leaders. The Parnellites had secured a large barge which they caused to be anchored in the Thames immediately opposite to, and within hearing distance of the parliament house terrace. Arrangements had been made to cast on a screen placed on the barge magnified photographic illustrations of scenes representing the different phases of the shadowing of Mr. O'Brien. These scenes were witnessed by an interesting and interested crowd of people assembled on the terrace, among them being many members of parliament. As each picture appeared a Parnellite orator made a brief but clear explanation of the meaning of the scene and of the circumstances under which it was obtained.

The World's Fair Site.

CHICAGO, June 21.—The action of the board of directors of the World's Columbian exposition settled the fair site in favor of the lake front as far as an expression could do so. The committee on buildings and grounds presented a report on the subject of the site, and it was decided that an expression of the board should be taken before further negotiations were entered into with reference to the lake front. The first paragraph of the report was presented for adoption, and carried with only one dissenting voice. The clause is to the effect: "That it is the opinion of your committee on buildings and grounds that the best and most desirable site for the world's exposition is what is commonly known as the lake front."

Rough Treatment for a Saint.

WARRENTON, Ga., June 21.—David Beckman, a Mormon elder who has been enticing people away from Glascock county to Utah, was terribly whipped near Gibson. Friday night a party of masked men surrounded the house of a recent convert and called on him to surrender the elder. The victim was found couching in the loft of the house. He was denuded and whipped. A coat of tar and feathers was then applied, when he was given the order to leave the country forever. He started on his trip at once.

Stolen Jewelry Recovered.

LA CROSSE, Wis., June 21.—Another large lot of jewelry stolen from a man traveling for Norris, Allister & Co. of Chicago, at Wavelry, Ia., was found under a lumber pile here. It was in a large satchel, containing fifty-nine watches, fifty-eight chains, besides all sorts of jewelry. It was turned over to the police. The man who brought the jewelry here has not been apprehended, but Mike Haby of this city is now on trial at Wavelry for participating in the crime.

Saved by a Dog.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., June 21.—What would have been a disastrous railroad wreck in which many lives would surely have been lost was prevented by a dog. The fast train from Cincinnati to New York was thundering along, and when near a high bridge was flagged by a farmer. A mule had been caught in the bridge at midnight and a farmer living near had been aroused by his dog, who led him to the bridge in time to save the train.

Must Be the Devil's Own.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 21.—In digging a trench for a sewer some workmen unearthed a number of skulls and other human bones. There is no record of a grave ever having been on that spot, and it is thought the bones are the remains of a prehistoric race. The skulls are very peculiar in shape, having protuberances like horns over the eye sockets.

The Amalgamated Scale.

PITTSBURG, June 23.—At Saturday's session of the amalgamated convention the steel committee made their report. It is about the same as last year's steel scale, but few slight changes having been made. The scale as it now stands will more than likely be accepted by the manufacturers and no trouble is expected.

Normal University Commencement.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 21.—The exercises connected with commencement week at the State Normal university began Friday night, when an oratorical contest was held. There will be various exercises all of this week, and on Thursday forty-six students will graduate.

New Honor for Mrs. Cleveland.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., June 21.—Col. Thos. G. Jones, the Democratic nominee for governor of Alabama, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland have been elected honorary members of the Alabama Press association.

Burned in Sight of Their Neighbors.

MONCTON, N. B., June 21.—Before the eyes of their neighbors, Andrew Little and his wife were burned to death in the flames of their cottage ignited by lightning which paralyzed the inmates.

The American Derby.

CHICAGO, June 21.—The great American Derby was run at Washington Park club Saturday and was won by Uncle Bob, Santiago second, Kingsbury third; time 2:55¼.

The grand Masonic lodge of Nebraska, in session at Omaha, denounced the Cerneau rite on Friday, and ordered the expulsion of its members.

BAD FOR SUBURBANITES

Great Strike of Railway Employes at Chicago.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL TIED UP.

The Trouble Caused by an Obnoxious Superintendent Whose Discharge the Strikers Demand—Suburban Trains and Freight and Through Passenger Trains Mixed in Confusion in the Railway Yards—One Thousand Men Quit Work.

CHICAGO, June 24.—Monday afternoon 1,000 conductors, switchmen and brakemen in the employ of the Illinois Central quit work, owing to the announced intention of Superintendent Russell to dismiss Trainmaster Berry and his assistant, Irvin E. Pushie. Mr. Berry and Mr. Pushie heard of this, and going to headquarters learned that the story was true. They thereupon promptly resigned. The news spread rapidly through the yards and aroused the switchmen and trainmen to such a pitch of indignation that they immediately decided to quit work. Superintendent Russell has repeatedly given offense, it is alleged, by promoting his favorites over the heads of old employes, and the men were all the more ready to strike and remain out until such time as Superintendent Russell should be dismissed from the service of the company.

Side-Tracked the Trains.

Monday afternoon all suburban and Washington Park trains were allowed to run, but Tuesday morning it was decided to take radical measures. A meeting of the strikers was held at an early hour in the down-town yards, and the men decided to stop the running of all trains except those carrying the United States mail. Accordingly, as fast as the suburban trains came in Tuesday morning they were side-tracked, the men ordered off, and they were not allowed to go out on the south-bound runs. These trains reach the Illinois Central down-town depot at intervals of about eight or ten minutes, during the early morning hours, and it was not long before the tracks were completely blocked up, suburban trains, freight trains, and through and way passenger trains being mixed in almost inextricable confusion. The last Illinois Central suburban train arrived at the Lake street depot at about 8:30, and the men announced that would be the last suburban train to come in or go out until the question as to Superintendent Russell's retention was decided one way or the other.

Ultimatum of the Strikers.

After issuing the order regarding the stoppage of all trains except those bearing the United States mail, the men held a short conference, at which it was decided to wait, as soon as possible, upon the Illinois Central officials, and lay this ultimatum before them: Either Superintendent Russel must be dismissed, or the suburban and through traffic of the Illinois Central will be tied up. It is believed that at this meeting some amicable arrangement will be made, as both the men and the officials of the road are anxious to avoid trouble, if possible.

An Immense Suburban Traffic.

The local interest in this strike centers in the fact that the immense suburban traffic of the Illinois Central is, for a time at least, paralyzed, and thousands of Chicagoans who depend upon that road for transportation to and from their homes are seriously inconvenienced. The Illinois Central suburban system is one of most extensive in the world. As far south as Pullman and Kensington on the one branch and Windsor Park and Cheltenham beach on the other live men doing business in Chicago, who have no other convenient means of getting into the city.

International Sunday School Convention.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 24.—The Sixth International Sunday school convention opened in an informal manner at exposition hall Monday evening. The exercises were mainly devotional. The convention opened for business at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. Thirty minutes were spent in devotional exercises. At 9:30 o'clock the call for the convention was read, and the enrollment of delegates and appointment of committees followed. Three sessions will be held daily, concluding Friday evening. About 1,300 delegates from all parts of the world will be present.

Bernhardt's Close Call.

LONDON, June 24.—Upon returning to her hotel after having performed at her Majesty's theatre Monday evening Mme. Sara Bernhardt suffered from an attack of insomnia. Finding herself unable to go to sleep she took what proved to be an overdose of chloral. When her attendants discovered her the famous actress appeared to be in a dying condition and physicians were hurriedly summoned. After persistent efforts lasting through four hours and the application of powerful remedies Mme. Bernhardt began slowly to recover.

The City of Paris Accident.

LIVERPOOL, June 24.—The board of trade court of inquiry that has been investigating the causes of the recent accident to the Inman line steamer City of Paris concluded its labors and rendered its decision. The court attributes the casualty to the wearing of the propeller bearing. It also decides that the safety of the vessel was not sacrificed to the desire to attain high speed. The court pronounces the City of Paris to be one of the finest ships in the mercantile marine.

Accident Aboard the "Now Then."

WILMINGTON, Del., June 24.—A pipe in the boilers of J. Edward Addick's steam yacht "Now Then" burst Monday while the boat was steaming off Claymont. The flame from the furnace was forced out into the fire room, severely burning the chief engineer, John Andrews; the assistant engineer, and Frank Johnson, the fireman.

Sudden Death of a President.

SAN SALVADOR, June 24.—President Menendez died suddenly Sunday night soon after the conclusion of a banquet. During the panic caused by the president's death, Gen. Marcial and several other officers were killed at the barracks. Gen. Carlos Ezeta, the leader of the forces, is now in command. All is quiet at present.

The Silver Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 24.—By a vote of 6 to 5 the house committee on coinage, weights and measures has decided to report the silver bill back to the house with a recommendation that the senate amendments be non-concurred in, and a conference asked.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

John Charvous, a reformed cannibal from the Fiji islands, is lecturing in Georgia. He says he never did anything in his life that he regrets so keenly as the eating of his fellowmen.

John Bourgess was gored to death by a bull Saturday at Naperville, Ills.

Fanny Davenport is in Paris in consultation with Sardou over the production in this country of "Cleopatra."

The police of Milwaukee made a successful swoop Saturday upon saloon keepers who have been running quiet gambling game.

Edward Foster, a leading citizen of Wichita, Kan., was accidentally shot Sunday by his 15-year-old son, and died Sunday night.

Miss Grace Gridley, of Amboy, Ills., has been sleeping peacefully since the 15th of last March.

District Attorney Hay, of St. Paul, refused to prosecute the enumerators charged with padding the Minneapolis returns.

Mrs. Henry Mullen, of Middleton Corners, Ohio, has given birth to the second pair of twins within a year.

It is stated that immense swarms of grasshoppers are devouring vegetation on the plains at Silver Creek Idaho.

The dignitaries of the Mohammedan religion are protesting vigorously against the reckless evtravagance of the sultan of Turkey. The Softas and Ulemas threaten assassination.

A gold nugget worth $6,700 was taken recently from a mine in Arizona.

A 'Frisco passenger train running at a high rate of speed Sunday through Wichita, Kan., struck a carriage occupied by Thomas Watson and John Felton. Watson was killed instantly, and Felton is supposed to be fatally injured.

E. M. Murray & Co., boot and shoe dealers of Davenport, Iowa, failed Saturday. Liabilities, $11,000; assets, $12,500.

Mrs. Alice Shaw has signed a contract to go to St. Petersburg and whistle for the czar and nobles.

Emma Abbott, who is in Paris, had an offer to sing in that city in French opera.

President da Fonseca, of Brazil, has signed the new constitution.

At Reading, Pa., Saturday, Judge Endlich refused the application of Charles Ah Song, a Chinaman, for naturalization papers, on the ground that such proceeding would be illegal.

According to reports received at Chattanooga, Tenn., the wheat crops in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia are almost a failure.

C. E. Doenger, of Springfield, Ills., fell out of a skiff while fishing in the Sangamon river and was drowned.

D. Edgar Crouse, a rich bachelor of Syracuse, N. Y., is finishing a stable which is said to have cost over $700,000.

Landing Emigrants on Sunday.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 23.—Assistant Secretary Tichenor has written a letter to Commissioner Weber, of the barge office, New York, who requested the opinion of the treasury department in regard to the feasibility of keeping the barge office open on Sunday during the summer. Mr. Tichenor approves the idea, and gives the commissioner authority to permit the emigrants to land on Sunday on the ground that it is essential to the public health.

Three Killed in a Wreck.

READING, Pa., June 23.—Express train No. 2 down was wrecked on the Reading railroad at Tuckertown, near here, Monday morning. Engineer Lawrence Heller, Fireman Geore Heller, both of Reading, and Baggagemaster George Hamilton, of Pottsville, were killed. Several passengers were injured. They were brought to this city. A wrecking train has gone to the scene of the disaster.

Threats Against the Czar.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 23.—A letter signed "Committee to Enfranchise the Russian People" has been received by the czar. It contains the most violent threats against his life and intimates that every preparation has been made to accomplish his death. Secret police are busily following up every possible clew to senders and have already made several arrests.

Minneapolis Beats St. Paul.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 23.—It is stated here on apparently good authority that the census returns for Minneapolis show a population of 210,000, and for St. Paul of 169,000 in round figures.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 23.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 July, opened 85¾c, closed 85¼c; September, opened and closed 86¾c; December, opened and closed 87¾c. Corn—No. 2 June, opened and closed 34¼c; July, opened 33⅝c, closed 34⅛c; September, opened and closed 35⅝c. Oats—No. 2 July, opened 29c, closed 28¾c; August, opened 27c, closed 27½c; September, opened 26½c, closed 26½c. Pork—July, opened $12.85, closed $12.65; August, opened $12.50, closed $12.35; September, opened and closed $12.35. Lard—July, opened and closed $8.65.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 13@13½ per lb.; finest dairies, 10@11c; packing stock, 4½@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@12½c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 8@8½c per lb.; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—On track—common and mixed, 30@35c per bu; Peerless, 40@45c; Burbanks, 50@55c; sweet potatoes, $3.50@3.75 per bbl. Apples—$4.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—75c@$1.25.

New York.

NEW YORK, June 23.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 95½@ cash; do July, 93¾c; do August, 91c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 41½ cash; do July, 41⅝c; do August, 42¼c; do September, 43c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, 34@34½c cash; do June, 34c; do July, 34c; do August, 33½c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $13.50@14.00. Lard—Steady; July, $6.12; August, $6.26.

Live Stock: Cattle—Market fairly active at an advance of 5c ₱ 100 lbs; poorest to best steers, $4.90@5.15 ₱ 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $2.50@3.15. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep ruled firm; lambs, 10c ₱ lb higher; sheep, $4.50@5.00 ₱ 100 lbs; lambs, $5.75@7.75. Hogs—Nominally steady; live hogs, $4.00@4.40 ₱ 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 23.

Wheat—Quiet cash, 84½c; July, 87c; August, 86¾c; September, 86½c; December, 89c. Corn—Quiet; cash and July, 34½c; August, 36c asked. Oats—Dull; cash, 29½c; August, 27¾c; September, 27½c. Clover seed—Quiet; cash, $3.35; October, $3.75.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 23.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 86c; July, 85½c; August, 84¾c. Corn—Steady; cash, 34¾c; July, 32⅝@33c; August, 33¾c. Oats—Lower; cash, 26c bid; July, 25½c; August, 28¾c. Pork—Dull; $11.50 cash. Lard—Nominal; $6.65. Whisky—Steady; $1.09.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, June 23.

Wheat—Easy; No. 2 spring on track cash, 80½@81½c; July, 86½c; No. 1 northern, 80c. Corn—Firm; No. 3 on track, 34½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white on track, 30c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 46½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2 in store, 67½c.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 28, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Adonis."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Vendetta."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Always on Hand."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Equine Wonders."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. A. A.," Chicago.—Crushed out this week Will appear in next issue.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH GOT LOST IN THE SHUFFLE.

The Tories caught the Irish Parliamentary party napping during the recent debate on the licensing bill, the objectionable features of which have since been withdrawn by the government. Several times during the debate, it was clearly within the power of the Irish in the Saxon parliament to have sent Salisbury, Balfour, Goschen & Co. "to the country," but too much talk and too few men operated against them. Eighteen Irish members were absent at the division, and the government escaped defeat by the very narrow majority of four votes. Even the Irish leader was absent, for the cableman gravely informs the American public that "Mr. Parnell was in bed with a chill." If Mr. Parnell were in Chicago during this week he would be much more likely to have fever for a bedfellow. It is to be hoped that the congealed condition of the honorable gentleman's health will not be of long continuance.

The narrow escape of the Tory government, through the apparent remissness of the Irish parliamentary contingent, has naturally annoyed and somewhat disgusted the patriotic Archbishop of Dublin. A telegram from Dublin announces that the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh has given full and free expression to his discontent, and has declared that if such neglect of duty continues he will lose faith in the Irish parliamentary party. This is very strong language, coming from so conservative a man as Archbishop Walsh. But the good prelate ought to know that any patriotic Irish member of the Saxon parliament must inevitably grow tired of the solemn farce sooner or later. No wonder that Mr. Parnell has the chills so often. No wonder that he hides himself away every once in a while, to take a rest. Twelve years of almost continuous attendance in the Saxon parliament is enough to disgust any Irishman who lays claim to the slightest grain of commonsense.

An Ulster district has passed a vote of censure on that promising young man, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, author and member of the Saxon parliament, for persistently neglecting his duties in the body to which he was elected. Young Mr. McCarthy is not in bed with the chills, but with *ennui*—a disease that does his Irish intellect great credit, considering all the circumstances. His former admiring constituents have dealt too harshly with young Mr. McCarthy. He knows in his soul that his presence in the Saxon parliament is, at present, of no earthly use, and will not be of any until Mr. Parnell shakes off the Whiggish shackles, and takes strong hold of his own followers, independent of the dictation of Gladstone or any other English politician. THE CITIZEN, because of his manifest contempt for the Saxon parliament, its pomps and works, has great hopes for the future of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy. That young man has good stuff in him.

It would seem that Mr. Parnell's parliamentary battalion has had some difficulty with the class of people called "publicans" in Ireland. The following correspondence sent from Dublin early in the month by the representative of the *American Catholic News*, of New York, edited by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, will be read with interest:

"For the first time within the last ten years there is now a prospect of a split in the Irish national ranks. The trouble—if it comes at all—will come from the publicans, who are wild with indignation over what they conceive to be ill treatment from the Parliamentary party. A Sunday closing bill lately passed its second reading in the British house of commons. It proposes to shut up the public houses on the Sabbath day in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick and Waterford—these cities being at present exempted from the operation of the existing Sunday Closing act, which extends to all the rest of Ireland. That is the great grievance of the licensed traders in those cities. But it also proposes to close the the public houses several hours earlier on Saturday nights; and this part of the measure affects alike the rural traders and the traders in the exempted cities. The publicans fully expected that most of the members of the Parliamentary party would vote against the measure; whereas some actually voted for it, and a majority declined to vote on it one way or the other. That is one cause of the publican's discontent with the party; but there is also a second one. The Salisbury government has in hand a bill for the compensation of publicans whose licenses may hereafter be extinguished by local authorities; and against this proposal the whole Irish party, acting in conjunction with the Liberal party, voted as one man. This second grievance, added to the first, has incensed the general body of licensed traders almost to a pitch of madness; and accordingly they are muttering of their intention to raise the standard of revolt against the national cause at the first opportunity. It is to be noted that they are a very numerous class, and that they have a large amount of political influence in their respective localities; and in some Ulster constituencies, especially where the Nationalist majorities on the electoral roll are slender, they could cause the loss of several seats at the next general election. The publicans are not proclaiming aloud their discontent; but I know that it exists, and I have heard not a few of their leaders threaten to make reprisals of the kind I have indicated. A prominent member of the committee engaged in making arrangements for the banquet to Mr. John Dillon told me that the tickets for the banquet were going off very slowly, and that the reason was the secret but determined opposition of the publicans. Ireland's hostory has been a strange one; but surely the strangest thing in it would be if the national movement were wrecked by the drink sellers!"

THE CITIZEN does not share in the fears expressed by the writer of the foregoing. It is very natural, from the standpoint of self-interest, that the "publicans" should object to the establishment of more stringent laws of regulation as regards their peculiar traffic, but the Irish people, as a mass, would speedily teach them a bitter lesson if they fell out with the Parnellites on that issue. Indeed the Parnellites could hardly assume any other attitude, as a matter of public policy, because if they opposed the measure the Liberals would immediately charge them with catering to the liquor interests. They knew, in that matter at least, perfectly well what they were doing; and the opposition in Great Britain itself has since compelled the Tories, as Mr. Parnell probably foresaw, to withdraw the obnoxious clauses of the bill. There will be no split between the Irish parliamentarians and the "publicans" on such an issue as that. The great majority of the latter are true to the cause of their country, and, in any case, would not dare to put themselves upon record as fighting against Ireland for mere filthy lucre. Besides, as THE CITIZEN has already observed, the threatened *casus belli* has been removed by the government's recent crawfishing movement.

It is a pity that the Tories were not beaten on the main question when the licensing bill came up, because they would certainly have "appealed to the country" and the question of England's present feeling on the issue of Irish Home Rule would be immediately decided. Then, if Gladstone and Parnell should win, all Irishmen the world over would gladly give them support in their effort to confer upon Ireland some, at least, of the blessings of domestic government. If they should fail, as seems most likely, the parliamentary bubble would be bursted for good and all, and then, and then—well, brethren, what then?

IRELAND THE GREATEST SUMMER RESORT.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Chicago *Tribune*, has long enjoyed the monopoly of booming this city as a summer resort. THE CITIZEN would not be disloyal to Chicago for a moment, and, as climates go upon this continent, the Queen of the Great Lakes does very well, but for a tip-top, perfectly reliable summer resort, THE CITIZEN respectfully directs the attention of the *Tribune* and its army of readers to the following Irish weather statement for the week ending June 7, excerpted from the Dublin *Freeman* of the 8th inst.:

"The mean temperature for the week was 54·7 deg., being 1·6 deg. above the average for the corresponding week of the last ten years. The temperature was highest on Thursday, when the thermometer registered 68·6 deg., and was lowest on Saturday, the mercury having fallen to 37·7 deg."

Most Americans say that Ireland is afflicted with too much rain. What Chicagoan can so accuse her? It rains here every four days out of five, with half a dozen thunder storms thrown in. In Ireland, it thunders on an average of about once a month, and serious wind storms are almost unknown. There is a balm in the air, a beauty in the sky, a poetry in the breeze and a tenderness in the very flowers of Ireland, which most Americans who travel have never realized, because they prefer the hot and dusty countries of the continent of Europe, which differ very little in temperature from the middle sections of America. Ireland ought to be the American health Mecca in summer. What American who has ever drunk from an Irish spring well—the translucent water actually bubbling up under his charmed eyes from the golden sand deep down in the mystic bottom—would not give a dollar for a good long draught of Irish spring water in such weather as this? How Irishmen living here must remember the days of their happy boyhood, when they used to drink from those wells which have risen from the earth to form mighty rivers "since the world was in its youth."

Chicago has, undoubtedly, the coolest summer climate of any city on this continent, but, in holy Ireland, every city, and every bathing place would tempt angels from Paradise to revel in the deliciousness of softened nature. Yes, indeed—

"Angels fold their wings and rest
O'er that Eden of the West,"

where "the slanting sunbeams shine," and where the odor of the May hawthorns and the June roses makes heaven upon earth. If Americans really wish to help Ireland, "outside of politics," let them make it their transatlantic summer home. There are many mighty cities and great empires in the world—all have their charms, but, for downright charm of life, there is no land like Ireland, leaving out the landlords and the Saxons. These, however, need not necessarily interfere with American comfort. In his delightful "Land of the West"—west from Europe—Sam Lover says:

Sure the South has her roses,
And bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet,
With Love's own changeful hue
Half sunshine, half tears,
Like the girl I love best,
Oh, what is the South
To the beautiful West!

DEATH OF E. J. M'DONNELL.

Mr. E. J. McDonnell, of this city, one of the most respected among our business men, was killed in a railroad wreck, near Copetown, Canada, last Monday. Mr. McDonnell was *en route* to Europe with his wife for a summer's pleasure trip. They had left their children with grandparents at Port Huron, Mich. The accident was caused by a spreading rail. Mr. McDonnell was the only passenger killed, and his death was instantaneous. Mrs. McDonnell was also badly injured, but will recover. Several other passengers were also wounded, some quite severely. Mr. McDonnell was born in Dublin in 1849, and came to America in 1866. He, with his brother William McDonnell, went into the subscription book business and made it a success. His career promised brightly, when he was cut down in his prime. He was a deep, but unostentatious, lover of his country, and was beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and to all who knew him his sudden death has been a terrible shock. The funeral occurred at Port Huron, Mich., on Wednesday. *Requiescat in pace.*

PARNELL ON O'BRIEN, FRANCE AND WOLFE TONE.

Mr. Parnell was at his best when he attended the wedding of William O'Brien at the Brompton Oratory, London, on the 11th inst. He made a speech in response to the toast of the bride and bridegroom at the banquet subsequently given in the Alexandra hotel. His speech was remarkable in many respects. Following is a pungent extract therefrom:

"I am glad that Mr. O'Brien has settled in life (laughter and applause). But I hope that matrimony will not have too steadying an effect upon him (renewed laughter.) It is said that Mr. Balfour is already chuckling that the battle is half won, but I suspect that the Chief Secretary is reckoning without a knowledge of Mrs. O'Brien (laughter). However that may be I can say something about William O'Brien in the past, and I hope I shall be able to say something about him in the future. I think I speak the feelings of each one of his colleagues—the strong feelings which have been derived from long experience of him, fighting at his side—that we have always found him a man than whom no man is more prudent in council and more brave in action (loud applause). Whether we take him as a distinguished Irish journalist or a man of letters, whether we look on him as a wise and prudent statesman, as a brilliant, courageous and determined Irishman, we search our ranks, we search our country, we search the nations of the world in vain for a man with whom we would rather go into battle or conclude an honorable and lasting peace (loud applause). So long as Ireland has among her children such men as William O'Brien she need not despair of herself (applause). To Mrs. O'Brien I would venture to prophesy that she has done great service to the national movement by becoming an Irishwoman. As formerly a daughter of Ireland, Eva, married Strongbow, one of the first conquerors of Ireland, so today a daughter of France marries the Strongbow of Ireland, and confirms that alliance between France and Ireland of which Wolfe Tone dreamed and for which he died (loud applause)."

THE CITIZEN is glad that Mr. Parnell did not "fear to speak of '98"—of France and of Wolfe Tone. These heroic names send a thrill through the heart of every true Irishman. In the words of Parnell the prophesy of the Wexford insurgents is typified, though not yet realized—

Sure the French will come again
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
And with fifty thousand men,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
With fifty thousand men,
We'll dare the fight again
In mountain, plain and glen,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

Let us hope, however, that Mr. Parnell's picture of the new alliance between Ireland and France may have a happier outcome than the old, which is but a memory of tears and of blood. What says the post of France and of Wolfe Tone?

Thine was the joy to win the ear
And strong heart of a mighty land,
To see her stretch an armed hand
With aid and cheering toward thine own—
To see the tyrant pale for fear
And Ireland hopeful
Gallant Tone!

And thine the nameless grief to see
The vision fade, the wild night fall—
The storm burst fiercely forth and all
Thy life long labor overthrown;
The worst itself no worse could be
To thy proud spirit
Hapless Tone!

THE Republican State convention, which assembled at Springfield last Tuesday, nominated the following ticket: Treasurer, Col. Franz Amberg, city clerk, Chicago; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. R. A. Edwards; University Trustees, C. G. Neeley, W. A. Mansfield, Charles Bennett; Supreme Court Clerks, Northern Grand Division, A. H. Taylor; Central Grand Division, J. J. Finn; Southern Grand Division, Theodore Tromley; Appellate Court Clerks, First District, John J. McKenna; Second District, C. C. Duffy; Third District, L. C. Murphy; Fourth District, George Meffert.

MR. AUSTIN E. FORD, editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and nephew of Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, was married to Miss Annie Oakley, of Brooklyn, on Thursday of last week.

MR. LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, the brilliant young lawyer of this city, has been nigh unto death with a terrible attack of typhoid fever during the last two weeks. THE CITIZEN is glad to be able to announce that Mr. Ennis is now considered out of danger. He will leave the city on a tour of health and recreation as soon as he is able to be about. Mr. Ennis' immediate friends have been very anxious about him.

MR. J. J. MCELHONE, chief official reporter of the National House of Representatives, died, after a protracted illness, recently. He was a man of fine ability, and had the respect of everyone with whom he came in contact.

THE Sisters of the Presentation Convent, Lismore, County Waterford, Ireland, desire to acknowledge the receipt, through Mr. James Crottie, of £22 9s ($110), the result of the drawing in their aid, which took place at THE CITIZEN office May 1. They desire to thank, severally and collectively, all the kind friends who came forward on that occasion.

IRISH NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

Mr. Francis T. Colby, president of the United Irish Societies, has appointed the following executive committee of thirty-five to take charge of the fourteenth annual demonstration at Ogden Grove, Aug. 15, in accordance with the instructions of the convention held at Fitzgerald's hall on June 6:

James Bradley, M. P. Brady, Ald. E. P. Burke, Daniel Corkery, Daniel Delaney, John Dougherty, John F. Finerty, P. V. Fitzpatrick, P. B. Flanigan, Col. Thomas J. Ford, M. D. Flavin, William Gavin, Patrick Griffin, Col. Thomas L. Hartigan, Lawrence Hensly, William Houlihan, Wm. H. Joyce, M. J. Keane, James Lyman, James H. Lynch, Wm. McCoy, Ald. W. F. Mahoney, Mich'l McInerny, John McGovern, Prof. J. J. McCarthy, John J. Mahoney, Ald. Martin Madden, Martin Mulcahy, T. F. McCarthy, Thomas L. McDermott, Ex-Ald. James O'Brien, Ald. John Powers, Capt. P. F. Ryan, John M. Smyth, D. B. Scully and Roger C. Sullivan.

The members of the committee are requested to meet at McCoy's hotel, Monday evening, June 30, 1890, at 8:15 sharp without further notice.

PARNELL BRANCH PICNIC.

A Most Delightful Outing at Richland Park.

[*Nashville American, June 16.*]

No prettier spot could have been selected by the committee of the Parnell branch of the Irish National League for its annual day in the woods than Richland Park, which is reached both by the dummy line and the West Nashville train. These beautiful grounds are convenient of access, abundantly shaded, with plenty of pure freestone water and supplied with rustic seats and dancing ground. The various commencements kept many in the city, but there was quite a large number of the friends of Ireland's cause in attendance. The morning looked threatening, but in the afternoon the clouds scattered and the evening was most delightful. Dancing was kept up without intermission until sundown, while the various races, baseball games and other sports served to while away the hours very pleasantly. An abundance of substantial and delicate refreshments was served, and everybody present seemed bent upon enjoying themselves. The affair was one of the most successful and pleasant ever given, and the universal verdict was a vote of thanks to the committee for their untiring efforts in contributing to the comfort of those in attendance. Quite a snug sum for the benefit of the cause was realized, and the managers are to be congratulated upon the result of their labors.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

PROBABLE CANDIDATE.

Mr. William James Doherty, C. E., St-Mura's is mentioned by the Derry *Journal* as the probable candidate for the representation of North Donegal in Parliament. Mr. Doherty is an Innishowen man, and possessed of a local and skilled knowledge very valuable in view of the developing of Donegal in its fisheries and railways.

A BIG FIRE.

A large part of Messrs. Fuller's carriage works, Dublin, containing two hundred new vehicles, was burned down recently. Damage, £10,000.

FELL FROM A SCAFFOLD.

A man named William Murphy, of No. 8 Charlemont place, Dublin, while working at the rear of a house at Merrion row, fell from a scaffold and was instantly killed.

FOUND DROWNED.

The body of the young man, named Thomas Kennedy, of No. 34 Sir John Rogerson's quay, who was drowned on Sunday, May 25, in the Bay between Dublin and Queenstown, was washed ashore recently at the Bull Wall.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

At the meeting of the Dublin corporation Mr. Richard Bryan was elected superintendent of the cattle market.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

At the meeting of the directors of the Great Northern Railway Company, on May 27, Mr. James Gray was unanimously elected chairman of the company, in place of the late Mr. James W. Murland.

GAELIC GAMES.

The somewhat brief tussle for the championship of the county Wexford in the two Gaelic games of hurling and football was brought to a conclusion recently at Crosstown.

Football final—Blue and Whites (Wexford), three points; Mulgannon, nil. The champion team are: P. Keating, captain, J. Keegan, J. McGrath, J. French, N. Meyler, P. Curran, J. O'Connor, W. Hutchinson, J. Kenny, J. Hynes, R. Phillips, M. Murphy, J. Sparrow, A. Furlong M. Clancy, and T. Hayes.

Hurling final—Castlebridge vs. Ballyvaldon. Score: Castlebridge, 4 goals and 2 points; Ballyvaldon, 1 goal.

STEEPLECHASE.

The grand steeplechase of Paris the richest cross-country prize in the world was won by Royal Meath, an Irish horse.

TULLAMORE STREETS.

Come on, all ye cripples, wooden legs are cheap. The roads of Parsonstown are kept in such excellent order by the town commissioners that when we visit other towns we are struck by the contrast in their way of keeping the streets. Banagher footpaths are a disgrace to such a brisk little town, its paving stones being prolific in the production of corns and bunions. But Tullamore "bangs Banagher" in the slippery nature of its flagged pathways.—*Kings County Chronicle.*

DEATHS.

Mr. Richard Ryan, Traffic Superintendent of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway died suddenly recently.

The Earl of Milltown died unexpectedly recently, at his residence, Russborough, near Blessington, county Wicklow.

CALLS TO THE BAR.

Laurence Grattan Esmonde, second son of Sir John Esmonde, late of Ballynastragh, Gorey, in the county of Wexford, Bart, M. P., deceased.

Arthur Frederick Hackett, B.A., University of Dublin, second son of James Hackett, late of Belair, in the county of Cork, deceased.

David Grainger Chaytor, B.A., University of Dublin, third son of Charles Henry Chaytor, late of Marino, Killiney, in the county of Dublin, deceased.

Edward Alexander O'Byrne, eldest son of John O'Byrne, Corville, Roscrea, in the county Tipperary, J.P.

Joseph Bermingham Burke, B.A., LL. B., University of Dublin, third son of Joseph Burke, of The Abbey, Roscommon, Sessional Crown Solicitor. Mr. Burke obtained the first Victoria Prizes at the Continuous Course Examinations in 1889 and 1890.

MUNSTER.

THE TIPPERARY "NATIONALIST."

Application was made before the master of the rolls in Dublin on behalf of Col. Caddell, R.M., to wind up the Tipperary *Nationalist* Newspaper Company, Clonmel. The capital of the company was £1,500, in £1 shares, of which 1,288 were actually issued, and 15s was paid on them. Col. Caddell had obtained judgment against the company for £1,500, being damages for libel. There was no appearance for the company, and the master of the rolls made the order sought for.

HARD LABOR FOR AN EDITOR.

Mr. John McEnery, editor of the Limerick *Leader*, now confined in Tullamore jail for a press offense, is in good spirits, though the work of making sacks put upon him—his sentence including hard labor—is greater than his strength permits.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the Thurles courthouse recently Mr. Arnold Power, sub-sheriff, put up for sale the chattel interest of Mr. Denis Healy in the mills, lands, and house at Lackea under an execution at the suit of his landlord, Mr. Smith Barry. R. Power attended to purchase the farm in trust for the landlord. The tenant was not in court, but Mr. Timothy Kennedy, publican, Thurles, bid in his interest, and Mr. John Kelly, National League, Dublin, was among those at the sale. The amount of the execution was £24 10s 4d, the original debt being £16 18s. Mr. Kennedy and R. Power bid alternately till the latter's offer reached £20, at which price the premises were knocked down to him.

SENTENCED AGAIN.

Mr. C. P. Redmond, proprietor of the Waterford *News*, sentenced under the Crimes act to a further term of three months' imprisonment, without hard labor, for publishing resolutions of National League branches calling on the people to boycott "land grabbers." As on preceding occasions, notice of appeal was given.

SHADOWING.

The Rev. J. Power, C. C., writes from Ratagormac, Carrick-on Suir, to complain that he has been shadowed by the police every Sunday and holiday for the past five weeks, even when attending the sick and dying, and that a government note-taker accompanies the police. He says he has no idea of the motive. The branch of the League in the district is not suppressed.

DISASTROUS FIRE.

The oil stores of Messrs. J. & Y. Boyd, William street, Limerick, were destroyed by fire recently, the damage being estimated at £10,000. This is the third fire on Messrs. Boyd's premises during the past few years.

BUYING THEIR FARMS.

The tenants on the estate of Sir John Pope Hennessy at Rostellan are buying their farms at eighteen years' purchase.

EVICTIONS.

Samuel Bailey, of Toormore, and a number of other tenants were evicted recently. A large number of people, headed by Father Crowley, C. C., were present. No resistance was offered. A National League hut was erected for the reception of the evicted tenants, most of whom are Protestants.

SAVAGELY ASSAULTED.

It was reported in Kanturk that an evicted tenant named John Sullivan and his wife, while returning home from Mill street were waylaid and attacked by a party of men, and beaten in a savage manner.

MOONLIGHTING.

Another moonlighting outrage is reported at Clonbunn, near O'Callaghan's Mills. On Saturday, May 31, about 12 o'clock, four shots were fired, two revolver bullets lodging in the door and two in the heavy window shutters of the house of a man named Michael O'Callaghan.

ACCIDENTS.

A melancholy accident occurred near Carnagh Station, about four miles from Newcastlewest. A milesman named Long, who, it appears, was at a wake on Tuesday night, was run over by a train.

On June 5 four ladies and two children met with a car accident at Kilrush, which fortunately was not attended with any serious result. They took a car at Cappa pier, and when driving into Henry street the horse fell, and the ladies and children were thrown to the ground. One of the ladies, Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Limerick, sustained some injuries on the head, and was attended by Dr. Counihan, and the other occupants of the car escaped with a severe shock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Geoffery McCarthy has been unanimously elected medical officer of the Tuosist Dispensary District, Kerry.

Mr. Pierce Mahony, M.P., is lying seriously ill at Kilmorna, county Kerry. It will be several weeks before he can hope to resume his parliamentary duties.

The Limerick harbor commissioners elected Mr. Henry Vereker Moroney, B.E., late of the board of works, Dublin, harbor engineer.

A noticeable feature in the tourist trade to Killarney this year is the fact that the vehicles which ran from Killarney, Macroom, and along by the Prince of Wale's route, have been augmented.

Harry D. Fisher has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months for alleged intimidating articles and reports which appeared in the Munster *Express*.

Denis Conery, who was wanted by the county Limerick police on a charge of causing the death of a young man named David Roche, at Kilfinane, by beating him with a hurley, gave himself up at Kilfinane.

A letter carrier named Patrick Clinton was arrested on May 27, at Cork postoffice, on return from the completion of his delivery, on the charge of delivering a number of letters containing money.

A marriage is arranged, and will take place in August, between Mr. Croker Barrington, of 58 Fitzwilliam square, Dublin, second son of Sir Croker Barrington, of Glenstal, Murroe, and Miss Florence Bayly, youngest daughter of John Bayly, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Debsborough, Nenagh, county Tipperary.

At Conna petty sessions, on June 6, Mr. William Eager, chairman of the Fermoy town commissioners, was fined £25 for selling porter without a license at Ballynoe races. The charge against a man named John Murphy of discharging a revolver on the public road at Coolagown was dismissed.

The Very Rev. Denis McSwiney, D.D., V.G., P.P., Bandon, has been presented by the town commissioners of Bandon and his parishioners with addresses of congratulation on his recent elevation to the important offices of dean and vicar-general of the diocese of Cork, vacant by the death of Mgr. Neville.

A large Celtic cross erected to the memory of the late Mr. E. Boylan by a few of his friends, was unveiled in the Botanic Gardens, Cork, June 1, by Mr. C. G. Doran, Queenstown.

CONNAUGHT.

PATRICK MITCHELL MISSING.

Patrick Mitchell, of Ballinlough, county Roscommon, arrived at Queenstown recently, intending to proceed to America. He left his two little sons in a lodging house while he went out to look after his luggage; he has not been heard of since.

DEATH-RATE IN SLIGO.

The death-rate from all causes in Sligo, per last official return, was 4·8 per 1,000 of the population, being the lowest of the sixteen principal districts in Ireland.

WOOLEN FACTORY.

It is proposed to establish a woolen factory in Galway. The advantage Athlone possesses by the distribution of £26,

000 a year in wages is pointed out as an encouragement.

WESTPORT UNION.

The guardians of the Westport Union have elected Miss O'Reilly school mistress. Miss Cullinane was also a candidate.

BROTHER CLEMENTIAN.

Brother Clementian, formerly visitor of the Irish province of the Christian Brothers, and founder of the Castlebar schools, has been transferred to Manhattan College, New York, in room of Brother Justin.

William Walsh, of Ahena, Mayo, has been evicted.

CONFIRMATION IN DUNMORE.

On Sunday, June 8, his Grace the Archbishop left for Dunmore, for the purpose of holding visitation and administering confirmation, where he was received by the worthy and zealous pastor, the Very Rev. Canon MacEvilly, P. P.; Mgr. McLaughlin, V.G., P.P.; Canon O'Dwyer, V. F., P.P., and the other parish priests of the Dunmore Deanery. All Monday was spent in examining the six hundred candidates for confirmation. All the priests of the deanery were present and assisted his Grace in the searching examination. The answering was most creditable. On Tuesday all the children confirmed took the total abstinence pledge until they should have reached the age of twenty-one, while some adults took the total abstinence and a good number the temperance pledge. His Grace returned to St. Jarlath's highly pleased with the flourishing condition of religion in the parish.

DR. J. R. M'INERNEY.

Dr. James R. McInerney, after an absence of eighteen years, landed in Ireland recently, and is now staying in Woodlawn. He is fourth son of the late John McInerney, Blakemount, Gort, and an elder brother of Dr. McInerney, of Woodlawn.

TURLOUGHMORE TOURNAMENT.

A grand hurling tournament was recently held on the fair green in above district. People from the surrounding parishes were in attendance in great numbers. Athenry, Turloughmore, Clare-galway and Rahoon teams competed.

GALWAY FAIR.

The cattle fair took place on May 31 in the Square, Galway, and commenced at an early hour. An enormous show of cattle, large attendance of dealers and exporters, reduced prices for every description of cattle, and dissatisfied vendors, were its general features.

LOUGHREA STEEPLECHASES.

Charming weather was associated with this meeting on June 9, and the attendance was an immense one, the course being thronged with people, while the ring and stand were also well filled.

MR TULLY'S SENTENCE REDUCED.

At Strokestown County Court Judge Morris gave his decision on the appeal from a decision of Messrs. Brady and Purcell, R.M.'s, by which Mr. Jasper Tully, editor and proprietor of the Roscommon *Herald*, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, with hard labor, at Boyle petty sessions on April 25 last. The appeal was heard yesterday, Mr. Burke, S.C.S., prosecuting, and Mr. Bodkin, B.L., defending. His honor said he had weighed the evidence very carefully, and he had come to the conclusion that the sentence imposed was excessive, having regard to the able defense made by counsel. He therefore reduced the sentence of nine months to one fortnight with hard labor and three months without hard labor. Mr. Tully was conveyed to Boyle, and thence by train to Sligo prison.

LAND SALE.

In the Land Court, Dublin, on May 17, before Justice Monroe, in the matter of John Michael Kilkelly, owner and petitioner, the following sale took place: Lot 1—240a 1r 27p in the townland of Lissybroder, barony of Dunmore, county Galway, held in fee simple, producing net profit rent of £142 15s per annum. Sold to Martin McDonnell for £2,000. Lot 2—139a 1r 3p of the same lands, producing £176 7s 6d per annum. Sold to Mr. McDonnell in trust for £2 300. Lot 3—76a 3r 39p of the lands of Gortnascullogue, situate in the barony of Clare, county Galway, producing £36 2s per annum. Adjourned; no bidding. Lot 4—278a 3r 30 p of the land of Gortnascullogue and Caherakenny, producing £176 7s per annum. Bidding adjourned at £2,000. Lot 5—27a 2r 29p of the lands of Cahereen, barony of Clare, producing £205 13s per annum. Adjourned; no bidding.

Rev. J. Deeley, P.P., Tynagh, Loughrea, after a short illness, died recently.

ULSTER.

STRANGE OUTRAGE IN DONEGAL.

It is reported from Donegal that a tramp entered the house of James Gallagher, on Binbane Mountain, a remote district between the Glenties and Mountcharles, and, without provocation, fired a revolver at Gallagher's newly married wife, wounding her in the breast. The peasantry pursued the tramp with pitchforks, and eventually captured him, and he was lodged in Derry jail. The woman is not dangerously hurt.

AN ESTATE PROVED.

The personal estate of the late Sir Edward Porter Cowan, of Belfast, has been proved at £213 400.

APPOINTED MAGISTRATE.

Mr. John McNabb, of Clougher Hall, Downpatrick, has been appointed a magistrate for county Down. Mr. Alexander Gordon, Kilkeel, has also been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Down.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

The Most Rev. Dr. McAllister, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, assisted by the Rev. H. O'Boyle, C.C., and the Rev. R. Storey, C.C., performed the solemn ceremony of conferring the religious habit of the Sisters of Mercy in St. Patrick Convent, Downpatrick. The young postulant, recipient of the holy habit and white veil, who has now adopted the name of Sister Mary Benignus, is Mary Anne, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Markey, J. P., Cootehill, county Cavan. After the ceremony the reverend Mother and community hospitably entertained the guests.

BANBRIDGE PETTY SESSIONS.

At Banbridge petty sessions David Callaghan was charged that on May 24 he tempted to commit suicide. Evidence was given that the prisoner told the night watchman he would drown himself, and the latter kept him under supervision. About 3 a. m. Callaghan again said he would end his life, and rushing down to the river Bann jumped in. The watchman alarmed the police, and three constables ran down and pulled him out. He resisted and they were obliged to manacle him in the police station. The accused was sent for trial at Newry quarter sessions, admitting him to bail. Callaghan is a widower, with several children.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

An extraordinary occurrence of two inquests by different coroners and juries on the same body was witnessed in the county Derry. An old woman named Cromie was found dead in a bog drain between Dungiven and Feeny, but in the district of Mr. Lindsay, coroner for Londonderry, to whom the Dungiven police reported the matter. Subsequently the body was moved across boundary into the district of Dr. Bryson, coroner for Limavady, who was thereupon communicated with by the Park police. Both coroners met on the scene, but neither went to work. On the following morning, however, Dr. Bryson returned, and, having held an inquest, gave an order for burial. Four hours later Mr. Lindsay turned up, and also held an inquest on the body, which the police had refused in the meantime to allow the relatives to bury. Found drowned was the verdict returned by each jury.

EVICTIONS IN ARMAGH.

Evictions took place recently on the estate of Mr. J. Johnston, J. P., Carrickbreda, which is now in chancery. Twenty policemen attended the proceedings. In the townland of Meighphoner, Ann Collins was put out, and one eviction was carried out in the townland of Carrickbrood. At the latter eviction a small crowd was present, who hooted the bailiffs.

ROWDY SOLDIERS.

On the night of May 31 Newry was in a most disturbed state for several hours, owing to the rowdyism of some soldiers. They fought among themselves, and three of them, who stated they belonged to Lancashire, beat a Yorkshire man in an unmerciful manner. During the night sixteen arrests were made.

EXTRAORDINARY DISPUTE.

A dispute of an extraordinary character has been going on for some time past between the Rev. S. Smartt, rector of St. Mary's Protestant Church, Newry, and a number of his congregation. These object to the placing of a communion cloth bearing the letters "I.H.S." on the table in the church. A petition in reference to the subject was some time ago forwarded to the Bishop of Down and Connor. It was reported to the police on June 3 that on the previous night the church had been forcibly entered and the cloth stolen. In its stead was found a note saying that the cloth was removed owing to the objectionable letters. None of the windows were broken in the church, and nothing appeared to be disturbed except the cloth.

Hibernian Rifles Picnic.

The annual picnic and reception of the Hibernian Rifles—one of the finest independent military organizations in the United States, commanded by Col. Thomas L. Hartigan—will be held at Ogden's Grove on July Fourth. A large attendance is expected.

Irish-American Military Union.

The committee of arrangements of the Irish-American Military Union held their regular weekly meeting at the southeast corner of Eighth and Walnut streets on Sunday afternoon, June 8. Gen. William F. Kelly, of New York, presided, and Capt. J. B. Murphy acted as secretary. Among those present were Capt. J. Stephens O'Mahoney, of New York, Col. James H. Murphy, Lieut. Col. P. O'Brien, Adjutant Henry Boylan, Majors J. P. Flanigan and Thomas F. Meagher, Surgeon Major P. J. Martin, Captains John Cardell, John J. O'Rourke, H. D Nolan, Thomas Crowe, Thomas E. O'Neill and J. McCarthy, and Lieutenants P. Monm, P. Brady and P. Bolton, of the First Regiment Hibernian Rifles of Philadelphia.

It was announced that delegates from the following Irish-American military organizations would be present at the encampment at Rising Sun Park on July 3, 4, 5 and 6: Emmet Guards, Albany, N.Y.; Kearney Light Infantry, Central Falls, R.I.; Shields Guards, Danbury, Conn.; Hibernian Rifles, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Irish Volunteers, New York.

Col. Murphy, Majors Flanigan and Martin and Captains O'Rourke and Crowe were appointed to confer with the Archbishop and request him to permit a military mass to be celebrated in the encampment on Sunday, July 6.—*Philadelphia Freeman.*

PERSONAL.

Mr. M. W. Kerwin, of Dearborn avenue, was rendered additionally happy last week by the birth of another son. Mrs. Kerwin and the baby are doing well. Mr. Kerwin is working hard shaking hands with all his friends. THE CITIZEN congratulates the happy father and mother, and also the baby.

Mr. D. McGarry, formerly one of Chicago's best known citizens as the senior member of the firm of McGarry & West, was in the city this week on his way to his home at Los Angeles, Cal. He was accompanied by his family. Mr. McGarry while abroad attended the Paris Exposition, and visited Bordeaux where his children attended school. He was an invited guest at the reception of Thomas Grattan Esmonde in Dublin, and also attended the opening of New Tipperary. Mr. McGarry predicts an early solution of the Irish question.

Mr. Patrick Shanaghan and wife and Mr. Philip Wiseman, left this week for a sixty days' trip to Ireland.

The friends of Mr. J. J. Murphy will tender him a testimonial concert at the Auditorium on next Tuesday evening. It is Mr. Murphy's intention to proceed to Europe this year to pursue his musical studies. It is to be hoped that this concert will be a great success.

To Relieve Mrs. Hanlon.

The Rev. Father Hayes, of Imogene, Ia., has contributed, through THE CITIZEN, the sum of $25 for the relief of Mrs. Hanlon, mother of the young fisherman, murdered by the police three years ago at Youghal, county Cork. The amount has been forwarded, care of Mr. P. P. O'Neill, a public spirited gentleman of Youghal, by this office.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The College of Cardinals Never so Strong in Numbers as at Present.

French Notes of General Interest.

FROM ROME.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

The Holy Father was pleased on Tuesday to receive in an especial audience Mgr. Giordano, bishop of Calvi and Teano. His Excellency Senor Chevalier de Souza Correa, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Brazil to the Holy See being obliged to leave Rome for London on Wednesday, had a particular private audience with his Holiness, together with his mother and niece. His Eminence Cardinal Apolloni, after having presided over a meeting of the general chapter of the religious of Saint Francis of Paul at St. Andrea delle Fratte, was on Thursday received in a private audience by the Holy Father to present to him the newly elected father general, together with the members of the Chapter of the Order. On Friday the supreme pontiff was pleased to receive in separate private audiences Mgr. d'Amour, bishop of Cujaba, in Brazil; Mgr. Kain, bishop of Wheeling, U.S.A.; and Mgr. Montes de Oca y Obregon, bishop of S. Luis Potosi, in Brazil. On Saturday a special deputation of the Young Men's Association of St. Alphonsus had the distinguished honor of being received in a particular audience by his Holiness.

THE NEW CARDINALS.

Owing to the news of the approaching election of Mgr. Mermillod to the cardinalate, telegrams have been received in great numbers at the Vatican, expressing much satisfaction, and those from Protestants as well as Catholics. Mgr. Mermillod is, however, in indifferent health and has left Rome to recruit his strength at Sorrento. Mgr. Vanutelli, who is also to be created a cardinal, will remain at Lisbon till October next, as pro-nuncio. The third new cardinal, Mgr. Gallati, archbishop of Ravenna, fills a See which, after Rome, is the diocese most ancient, and formerly most important. Ravenna has always had a cardinal resident there. The present occupant of the See is a saintly man. For many years he has been bishop, but he has only been four years at Ravenna. Mgr. Donajewsky, the fourth new cardinal, the prince bishop of Cracow, brother of the minister at the court of Vienna, is a man of most imposing presence. The first bishop in rank in Poland is that of Breslau. With the above four cardinals and the two the Pope retains *in petto* the Sacred College will have sixty-nine members, the full number being seventy, and has rarely if ever been so complete.

ENGLAND AND THE HOLY SEE.

Sir Adrian Dingli, of Malta, who has been talked of as successor to Sir Linthorne Simmons, is not to be named to that office.

PONTIFICAL HONORS.

By special letters of the state secretary, the Holy Father has been pleased to nominate his Eminence Cardinal Camillus Mazzella, protector of the religious institution founded in Spain, under the title of Handmaids of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

FROM FRANCE.

[*Paris Correspondent Liverpool Catholic Times*]

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIONAL VOW.

The Church of the National Vow is the spot whither the thoughts of the religious minded portion of the French people will be directed during the month of June. Those who speak of the present merely as a period of religious decadence, and those alike who combat religion altogether have to recognize the truth that the still unfinished Church of the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre is a stupendous fact. It is stupendous in a material and also in a moral sense. The price of its stones and of the labor expended upon it has been paid by voluntary contributions. More than this, it is the church asked for by Our Lord in his revelations to Marguerite Marie Alacoque. In this sense, it must be regarded as a visible crown set to the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and as having a meaning which no other church in the world can have. On the summit of the "Mount of Martyrs," and looking down upon the Paris basin, it occupies a site that more than two thousand years ago attracted the attention of the Romans, who raised upon it a temple to Mercury. Thither, a few centuries later, some of the Gallo-Roman martyrs, including St. Denis, were led to execution. Napoleon I cast his eyes upon it as a sort propitious for a temple. "It shall be a site of Temple of Janus that I will build," he said, "and there the first publications of peace shall be signed." The emperor's somewhat pagan project has been realized in a Christian sense by the late Cardinal Guibert. The funds for the building continue to be increased by anonymous contributions, many of which represent large sums of money. These gifts are generally expressions of gratitude for answered prayers.

Clan-na-Gael Guards' Picnic.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards will give their fifteenth annual picnic at Baker's Grove, Archer and Western avenues, on Friday, July 4. The grove is admirably adapted for the purposes of a military picnic, and has been newly fitted up with all necessary accommodations for dancing, and a general good time.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[*Father Cronin's Paper.*]

The handsome volume entitled "Warpath and Bivouac" just published by the Hon. John F. Finerty of THE CITIZEN, fully realizes in the interest of its narrative and the brilliancy of its style all the high expectations formed of its merits by a perusal of its advance circulars. The periods covered are the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition of 1876 and the campaign on the British border in 1879. The story of these stirring events is enhanced by the vivid anecdote and personal charm of Mr. Finerty's gifted pen.

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.—*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians" in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

AN ARMY FROM ALL MILITARY COUNTRIES

[*Illinois Staats Zeitung.*]

Although the majority of the officers of our small army are native born, its composition as regards the noncommissioned officers and privates is more promiscuous than Wallenstein's army in the Thirty Years' War. And in this respect this small army is the most remarkable of all armies of the present day.

A true and interesting picture of this is given by John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who as correspondent participating in Indian battles under Crook and Miles became thoroughly acquainted with the American frontiers' military, which later he did not fail to keep track of, and about which he in his lately published and excellent book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," relates all sorts of narratives worthy of repetition, although somewhat carnage tinted.

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

T E R M S:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $3 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor.
St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

Terrible Attacks.

ALAMOSA, Col., Jan., '90.

My wife was troubled with nervousness about one year before she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and at that time had very severe attacks of spasm, convulsions, and pains in different parts of the body, when in this state her lower jaws would act violently and set sometimes, bite her tongue, breath heavily, then short, then seemed to stop entirely, get a wild look in her eyes and rolling around, then stop sometimes, it would take 2 men to hold her in bed, otherwise her body would cramp and be so for 2 hours. She took but 2 bottles of the Nerve Tonic which cured here entirely of all these torments which myself and wife gladly testify, it truly had the desired effect.

D. S. McGILLIS.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers. Country orders for 5 pounds and upwards only will be filled.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Mary A. Donnelly, Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, vs. John F. Donnelly, Mary V. Donnelly, Bernard P Donnelly, Daniel Donnelly, Margaret Donnelly, and David J. Donnelly, minors. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause, on the 25th day of June, A.D. 1890, on the petition of the said Administratrix to sell the real estate belonging to said estate to pay debts, I will, on Tuesday, the 29th day of July, A. D. 1890, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the east main entrance of the Court House, on Clark street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, sell at public veadue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was, of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot number Forty-one (41) in Block Two (2) in B. Shurtleff's subdivision of the north half (N ½) of Block Twenty-two (22) in the Canal Trustees' Subdivision of Section Thirty-three (33), Township Thirty-nine (39), North, Range Fourteen (14), East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian.

Said real estate will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of the widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered to the purchaser until the sale shall be approved by said court. Terms cash. MARY A. DONNELLY, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, June 26, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the August Term, A. D. 1890. In the matter of the application of Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of John Seery, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said John Seery that the said petitioner, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block Four (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of Blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1890, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said John Seery, shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of August, 1890, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.

M. E. Ames, Complainant's Solicitor, Room 6, 81 Clark-st.

A LAMENT.

In the dreary, distant northland
Lo! a mighty oak did grow.
For a hundred peaceful summers
Through it did the soft winds blow;
For a hundred lengthy winters
On it fell the cold, white snow,
'Neath it roved the doughty chieftain
While his dusky love he woo'd.
Proud and stately grew the oak tree
In the northern solitude.

Lo! the mighty now have fallen,
Fallen from their high estate;
On the pavements of the city
Has the oak tree banged of late,
Through the air in graceful motions
Does it circle and gyrate,
For the oak has been made into
Canes that are used by the dudes;
Fallen is the mighty monarch
Of the northern solitudes.
—New York Herald.

DR. KEENE'S STORY.

Frank Howard was one of my most intimate friends. I met him one summer in the Catskills, whither I had betaken myself for a week's change and fresh air. I put up at a lonely farm house, where Howard, stopping for a day to await the arrival of some friends, was so unfortunate as to sprain his ankle. It was nothing serious, but it compelled him to remain quiet for a few days. His friends, arriving, proceeded on their way, leaving him in my care.

Frank was a cheery, happy young fellow of 20, and took his mishap with uncommonly good grace. I read to him from my small store of books and papers, and we had long and interesting talks. Frank was full of the enthusiasm of youth, and I, eight or ten years his senior, was, my steady going colleagues would have said, a visionary, romantic boy. Those few days made us better acquainted than we would have become in months of intercourse in the city. When Frank was able to rejoin his friends my time was up and I returned to town, regretting the necessity that compelled me to part with the pleasant young fellow.

He did not forget his promise to look me up when he returned to the city, and from that time on we were the best of friends. I had, I am sure, more of his confidence than did any one else, and I talked to him in a way that my medical brethren would have pronounced wild and unprofessional, but he took it in sober earnest, no matter how wild, believing in my theories just because I aired them.

My friend was a good looking young fellow, tall, well made as to figure, easy and graceful. He had blue gray eyes, a well shaped brow and rounded chin, dark hair which, however, was quite thin, giving promise of early baldness, a nose perhaps a trifle too long and an upper lip a trifle too short. His front teeth, though white, were not well shaped. Greatly to his sorrow he could not raise a mustache, try hard as he might, and he had tried very hard, indeed, investing many a dollar in nostrums warranted to produce the desired result.

Frank well knew what an improvement a mustache would be—he did not hanker after whiskers, a mustache was all he wanted—for he had worn false ones upon several occasions when taking part in private theatricals. He was quite clever, and played very well for an amateur, but often accepted a part, I verily believe, more for the opportunity it gave him to wear a mustache than for any other reason.

He was very well situated financially. His parents were dead. His father had left him a good business, which, however, had so far demanded little of his attention, as his father had also left him a partner, a shrewd, steady bachelor, without near kin, who was devoted to the young man. Considerable property outside of the business added a good deal to his income. Like myself he had few relatives, but then he had hosts of friends, and was a great favorite in society. There were plenty of nice girls who would have become Mrs. Howard—one at a time, of course—had he asked them, mustache or no mustache. No one thought of his lack of one as he did, and none but I knew how he felt about it.

We had been discussing various experiments one evening when he had dropped in, as he often did, on his way to a reception. After a silence of some moments, evidently spent in deep thought, for he had not seemed to hear one or two of my remarks, Frank broke out:

"See here, doctor, can't you transplant a bit of some one's scalp to my lip and make a mustache that will grow? You read or told me something one evening about such an experiment or else I dreamed it. I have been wanting to speak to you about it. I'd gladly spare some of my own scalp if the hair on it wasn't so awfully thin. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can manage it and pay all expenses. Think it over and see if there isn't some way to do it, and now I must be off. Good night, old boy!"

I laughed at the idea, but after he had gone I could not help thinking about it. A thousand dollars was certainly tempting. My practice did not increase so rapidly as I could have wished, and of course, like many another foolish young fellow, I had married a nice girl when scarcely able to keep myself comfortably, and the tiny olive branches had a dreadful way, sweet as they were, of appearing all too frequently for a poor man. I'm not saying, mind you, that I've ever regretted my marriage or been willing to spare one of the boys and girls now growing up so fast around me; but money was very scarce in those days, and a thousand dollars seemed too much to let go without some effort to earn it.

I did a lot of hard thinking for a few days and spent all my spare time over some old books in a musty, out of the way library down town. I finally told Frank that I would see what could be done if he would give $500, the rest if I succeeded in the undertaking. He agreed at once, so I put a carefully worded "Want" in The Herald, offering $200 for a bit of scalp from the head of a healthy person, a young woman preferred, and naming an hour for applicants to call at my office.

Well, I had a good many answers, in person and by letter. The letters I paid no attention to, and those who called did not suit, until I began to think I would have a good deal of trouble to find the right person, when my small boy of all work ushered in a young lady. I knew that she was young, though she was heavily veiled, by her slight, girlish figure and low, sweet, tremulous voice. Her dress was neat and plain and fitted exquisitely. Her gloves and boots were not new, but they were the gloves and boots of a lady. Wavy dark brown hair was worn in a heavy coil beneath a little round hat, and I thought "Here's the very girl at last!"

I questioned her closely, and explained to her more fully than to the others just what I wanted. She was nervous, as was quite natural, but had evidently made up her mind to win the $200 if possible. She was perfectly healthy, she said, and so far as she knew, came of healthy parents. Her father was dead. Her mother was usually quite well, though not very strong. She was just now suffering from injuries received in a fall on the stairs.

"The doctor says," the young lady went on, "that my mother will soon be as well as ever, but we need money very badly at present. On account of my mother's illness I lost my position in—that is, I am out of employment, and as I am the bread winner for our family I am willing to do anything honorable that will not injure my health to earn money. I must stipulate that my face shall remain covered, and that no effort will be made by any one to discover my identity."

"Can you endure the operation without the aid of an anæsthetic?" I asked. "You must know that your confidence is sacred."

But, no. She insisted that her nerves were strong enough to endure the ordeal, so I appointed an hour next day for the operation, and bowed her out. I then rushed off to inform Frank of my success. He was charmed with my description of the girl and delighted with her pluck.

"Give her $500," he said, "whether the operation is successful or not. She is a brave girl to do such a thing for her family. Great, hulking boys, no doubt, some of them. Now I haven't much family, but I am sure I wouldn't part with any of my scalp for all of my relatives in a heap."

The young lady was promptness itself. I had just shown her into an inner room when Frank arrived. After the operation I sent him away first, and then put her into a cab, taking care to withdraw before she gave the driver his orders.

No. I'm not going to tell you how I transplanted two bits of scalp from the back of the girl's head to the lip of the young man. I have never told any one how it was done, but it was a success.

The young couple were as brave as possible. There was not even a groan from either. The girl lay face down upon a lounge, her luxuriant, wavy hair streaming around her. I could not but admire the dainty shape of her head and the pretty neck, with tiny rings of hair curling down upon it. Just below one shell-like ear a small star shaped spot showed white upon the now rosy skin. It would probably not be noticeable usually. The young lady came to my office for some days until the wounds were quite healed. As she was young and healthy it did not take long, but I never got a glimpse of her face, nor did I try to do so, having too much respect for the courageous young creature. When I handed her $500 instead of the $200 she had expected she was quite overcome with joy. Her voice was fully of happy tears as she clasped my hand in both of hers and faltered:

"Oh, doctor, I do not know how to thank you; you cannot realize what a help this money will be to us. It is a perfect godsend, and I don't one bit mind the pain, which, I'll confess now, was rather hard to bear."

My own needs enabled me to quite understand her feelings. My thousand freed me from many a present worry, and before it was gone I had secured quite a paying practice.

I attended Howard in his own apartments. When he was sufficiently recovered he went abroad for awhile. He returned after some months, pleased with his trip, and delighted with his handsome brown mustache, which certainly added much to his good looks. He was so busy with social arrangements and I was so fully occupied that for some months I saw very little of him. The fault was chiefly mine, however, for Frank seemed to think more of me than ever, and I often found his card upon my return from a professional call. One evening he came and found me at leisure.

"So glad to find you in, doctor," he said; "I've come to be congratulated. I am going to marry the dearest girl in the world, and want you, my best friend, to wish me joy."

I did congratulate him heartily and asked if I knew the lady.

"No. I think not," he replied. "She is Miss Mildred Faye, a member of the company at —— theatre. Don't look so surprised. Not a nicer girl lives. A breath of slander has never touched her name. Her father died when she was about 18—just out of school. He was thought to be very well off—the family had always lived in good style—but at his death his wife and two daughters found themselves almost penniless. Not even their home belonged to them. Mrs. Faye, a delicate little body, unused to work of any kind, had no idea as to how they were to make a living, so Mildred had to take the lead. Kate, three or four years younger than she, must be kept in school, and the three must be provided, somehow, with food, clothing and shelter. Mildred had been fairly educated, but not thoroughly enough to attempt teaching, so she determined to go upon the stage. She had had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals, and had been warmly praised for her acting. I had heard of Miss Faye's talent, but never happened to see her. Good critics had said she would make a sensation if she would go on the stage professionally. When she announced her determination her friends were much shocked and her mother quite overcome, but no one had anything better to suggest, so she had her own way. She knew that she was inexperienced and must be content with a small salary and a small part to begin with. She wished very much to get into a home company, but that seemed impossible, so she accepted a minor part in a very good company going upon the road.

"No one who has not tried it can understand what she had to endure. Tenderly cared for all her life, with plenty of money for reasonable needs, she now had to practice the strictest economy. She stopped at cheap hotels, did without fires, walked whenever it was possible to do so, all to save every cent she could for the loved ones at home. She was under study for the leading lady, who was neither young nor pretty, but who possessed what Mildred most lacked, experience. She also possessed a temper, and one night, not long before the rising of the curtain, refused to go on. The long suffering manager appealed to Mildred. She was letter perfect, and in spite of considerable natural nervousness made a great hit. The delighted manager gave her the part for the rest of the season, but tried to keep her salary unchanged. This she would not agree to, so they finally compromised on a fair sum, which enabled Mildred to take better care of herself and to send more money to her mother. The part suited her, and everywhere she was warmly praised for her acting. Everything looked bright and promising when a telegram called her to her mother's side. It was so worded that she was not much alarmed. It was Saturday night. They were near New York and she left, expecting to rejoin the company in time for the performance Monday evening.

"She found that her mother had slipped upon the stairs and dislocated her arm. This had been set, and, the doctor said, would soon be well; but she was nervous and shaken, and would not hear of Mildred's leaving her, and kept the poor girl until her place in the company had long been filled. When Mrs. Faye, slowly recovering, came to her senses, the season was nearly closed and an engagement was not to be had. Their money was about gone, and times, I fancy, were pretty hard, when some good friend must have helped them with a loan. At the beginning of this season, Mildred got her present position. A very good one, if she was going to remain upon the stage, which she's not, you know. She is going to marry me two weeks from today. I want you and Mrs. Keene to come to the wedding. Only the family, a young lady friend of Mildred's and my dear old partner will be there. The rooms are too small to have any one else. We go away at once. Mrs. Faye and Kate will take possession of our house, which I am busy furnishing. You know I've never had much of a home, and feel awfully happy over the prospect of having such a nice mother and sister and the sweetest wife in the world. And now good-by. Don't forget the day!" and the happy fellow went away as if walking on air.

The appointed hour found myself and wife knocking at the door of Mrs. Faye's cozy little flat. Frank presented us to his future mother and the minister—Mr. Haines, Frank's partner, we knew already—and then stepped to the door of the next room and handed out the bride, who was followed by her sister and her friend. The bride wore a simple white gown with a veil falling over her face. Miss Duncan, a pretty blonde, was in blue. Kate Faye, a slip of a girl, dark haired and dark eyed, wore pink. The minister soon made the happy pair one, and after the bride's mother and the young ladies had kissed and cried over her a little while my wife and I stepped forward to be presented and offer our congratulations.

The new Mrs. Howard was all that her lover's fond fancy had painted her. A graceful girl of medium height, with soft brown eyes, a lovely complexion, a sweet mouth about which played pretty dimples, and wavy brown hair worn in a heavy coil at the back of a shapely head, and falling in tiny rings upon a low, white brow. When my name was mentioned she looked up with a deep blush, which quickly receding left her very pale. In a low musical voice, whose tones were strangely familiar to my ear, she thanked us for our good wishes.

After some simple refreshments the bride went away to put on her traveling dress, and as they were about to depart I stood beside her for a moment. She turned to speak to her husband, and I saw what answered my question. "Where had I heard that voice?" Just below the left ear was a tiny, star shaped spot, showing white through the rosy blush called up by her husband's tone and glance.

They went away a happy couple and returned more in love, if possible, with each other than before. I have been settled, as you know, in this place for a number of years. I don't see Frank Howard very often nowadays, but our friendship has suffered no change. I do not know though whether he and his wife, devoted as they are to each other, have exchanged confidences on the mustache question or no. They have made no sign. Neither have I.—Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt in Gotham Monthly.

His Occupation Gone.

First Detective—You look blue this morning. What's the matter?

Second Detective—Did you read about a convict at Sing Sing confessing on his death bed that he murdered a man in New York?

"Yes, I read all about it."

"Well, that spoils a clew on which I have been working for a year and a half."—Texas Siftings.

Dainty Mosaic Work.

In the matter of daintiest handiwork think of a face wrought in mosaic in which 1,700,000 pieces were used, the largest of which was less in size than a millet seed! Such a trophy of patient labor is recorded of an artisan who in such minute detail has given the portrait of Paul V, who lived in the Sixteenth century.—Exchange.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

Graphic Account of a Sharp, Short Storm in the Gulf of Gascony.

In the month of July, 1886, the schooner Swallow, recently overhauled and made ready for a scientific exploration of the Gulf of Gascony, following the line of coast which borders the great depths, commenced the first attempts at dredging the bottom at a depth of 500 meters.

On the second day our rope scaffoldings and dredge were let down under a cloudy sky and into a muddy sea. The barometer did not indicate anything abnormal, still the aspect of a sudden cloud, forming rapidly in the west-southwest in the course of the operation, seemed sufficiently threatening to cause us to postpone the drawing up of the dredge until the passage of that inopportune danger.

It was necessary to shorten sail with the utmost rapidity in order to avoid too great a traction on the cable, the breaking of which would have caused the loss of our only deep sea dredge. The violence of such a squall not permitting the exposure of any ordinary sail we found we would only be able to carry the jib, and that only if the space before us was clear.

I terminated these arrangements wondering whether we were going to lose our principal implement when the first puffs of wind which preceded a gale of gathering intensity struck us powerfully, careening the schooner to the larboard. A dust of water was raised by the first puffs of the squall from the waves which were almost instantly formed, and this joined the stinging whips of an icy torrent of rain and hail and lashed the sea to a crystalline whiteness which reflected the brilliance of a meteor.

The crew, sheltered from the wind by the lee bulwarks, awaited in silence an order for action there where it should be most necessary. But at the supreme moment of such a cataclysm which sweeps all, which bruises faces, stifles voices, when the water has stiffened the cordage and sails, when the vessel under bare poles crouches and quivers under the anger of the tempest, regular work is out of the question and the helmsman is the only one who pursues any active labor, but the schooner, held by the weight of the dredge which she drags, does not obey the helm with her usual readiness.

After an hour of fierce rage the thick masses of cloud are suddenly broken, and behind them hangs a thin curtain of vapor which is dissipated in a few minutes and the blue of heaven reappears.

Soon the squall hiding the opposite horizon glides away from us by a mysterious power and no trace is left on the mobile sea to betray its passage.

The schooner anchors and hoists one by one her sails, whose folds as they open shed cascades of water which have accumulated there, and soon the soaked garments of the crew float, or are spread out to dry, and the wind which blows now with kind benevolence on those multicolored lines of tricots, sabots, tarpaulins, caps and shirts seems to impose a vulgar labor upon itself which so recently had threatened their lives.—Prince of Monaco in Sunny Hour.

Points About the Hair Brush.

There is another consideration in connection with the use of the hair brush, which, though it may scarcely need mention, should not be overlooked. The brush should be kept clean. It gives one a shudder to see the brushes and combs that are sometimes supplied at places of public resort. No one should ever think of using a public hair brush any more than a public tooth brush, unless it becomes a matter of absolute necessity; but the fact remains that the individual article requires to be properly cared for, else it becomes an instrument of danger rather than a delight.

If the case is not very aggravated the bristles may be washed in lukewarm water, to which a few drops of ammonia can be added. This will clear away the accumulated dust and dirt as by magic. The bristles can be rinsed in pure water and allowed to dry in an airy place; the brush should not be exposed to the sun, nor should the back of it be wet at any time. Soda and soap soften the bristles, and if the back of the brush be of ivory it will turn yellow by their application. For general use it is better economy to buy a cheap brush, and, after using it for a reasonable time, throw it into the fire and start afresh.—Good Housekeeping.

Made Wealthy by a Whipping.

John James Mago, a millionaire who lives nine months of the year in Paris, is the hero of a curious story. It is related of him that fifteen years ago he was British vice consul at San Jose, Guatemala, and a poor man. One day a native commandant, who was running the port, ordered that he be given 100 lashes for some fancied insult. The vice consul was lashed accordingly. Later the British government stepped in and ordered that Mago be paid $500 for every lash. Guatemala was glad enough to pay the money, which made the vice consul a comparatively rich man. Having more ready money than any one else in the country, President Barrios entered into partnership with him. Mago became a large coffee planter and dealer and also was given exclusive franchises for building docks in the ports, out of which he made a great deal of money. His fortune is now estimated at $5,000,000.—New York World.

When You Are in Europe.

In traveling on the continent get Bedaeker's guide books. Look up the hotels, and if intending to stop at any place for several days write ahead for terms. Ask for a price including light and service, as they are always extra. When the price does not include lights take candles along. The charge for lights is fifty cents a night for each person, and a dozen candles cost but twenty cents. Soap is always an extra except in England.

Those who ask for anything not on the bill of fare will pay handsomely for it. In all the Paris restaurants they charge for the table cloth and napkins to begin with.—Exchange.

Three little Maidens with their Skipping rope,
Forget that they were sent for SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
YOUR GROCER Sells it.
SANTA CLAUS SOAP, MAKES WASHING VERY EASY.
Standard Quality and Weight.
Three little Maidens with faces to the Wall,
Are crying as loud as they can bawl.
MADE ONLY BY N.K.FAIRBANK & CO.—CHICAGO.

HANDLING THE CHINESE MAIL.

What Seems a Complicated Process Is Very Simple, After All.

Many persons have asked the question: "How is the Chinese mail handled in the New York postoffice?" It is a question which has excited considerable discussion at different times and one which everybody should understand. It is generally supposed, however, that a Chinese interpreter is employed in the postoffice expressly to handle the Chinese mail. But that is not the case, the government never having found it a necessity to employ such a person.

A reporter called on Mr. Ed Morgan, general superintendent of city delivery of New York, for the purpose of finding out the exact method employed in handling that class of mail matter.

"How is the Chinese mail handled? Well, I'll tell you. As far as we are concerned, the manner doesn't vary from that employed in handling domestic mails, but there is a point connected with it before we get the mail which may be interesting.

"When a Chinaman wishes to send a letter to his native country he must employ the services of an interpreter unless he can write English himself. He writes, seals and directs the envelope in his own language. He then goes to a Chinese interpreter, who writes the address in English on another part of the envelope. The letter is then ready for the mail. For this service the fee is a nominal one.

"Guy Maine has become famous among the Chinese of New York for this business. Mr. Maine is a highly educated native of China, having graduated from one of the best colleges in that country. He is now editor of The Chinese Evangelist, a paper devoted exclusively to the religious Chinamen of this city.

"Chu Chung is another Celestial who earns a livelihood with his brain. He, with J. Stewart Happer, has been conducting the interpretations during famous Chinese trials in the city court. These men have a reputation for honesty and reliability, characteristics which the majority of their class brag of, the most of them being cunning and deceitful.

"But to return to the letter. It goes through the New York postoffice and then takes a journey across the country to San Francisco. A China bound steamer conveys it across the ocean to its destination, where, after going through the China postoffice, it is delivered to the person to whom addressed.

"The incoming mails are handled very much the same way. An interpreter in the Chinese postoffice writes the address in English on all mails directed to this country. When a letter reaches the postoffice here the clerks never pay any attention to the name, and not one time in ten thousand do they know whether a letter is for a Chinaman or somebody else. They look only for the street and number. The mail is sorted and is then delivered by the carrier. So what seems a very complicated process is indeed a very simple one, causing no inconvenience whatever on our part."—New York World.

A Politician's Story.

A lot of us organized a hunt for wolves in one of the northwest sections. One of the organization was a Chicago alderman. In our hunt the parties to it necessarily became divided. One of the number, the alderman, was alone when he heard the hungry howl of wolves. He struck for the timber. He climbed the first tree which presented itself. He had scarcely gotten hold of a limb when the wolves were beneath. The animals held a consultation, on the result of which the oldest wolf in the pack was delegated to climb the tree. As he began the journey the alderman took off his hat and threw it in the wolf's face. The wolf looked at the alderman. He sized him up, as the boys say, and turned. When he had reached the ground he summoned the other wolves and said to them:

"He belongs to our crowd; he is one of us. Let him alone."

The wolf knew him.—Chicago Tribune.

Conclusive Evidence.

James Payn, the novelist, tells a good story of two mechanics, overheard in London, having the most sensible conversation on baldness that he ever listened to. They were talking of some advertisement of a balsam for the hair, and one of them said to the other: "Balsam be blowed! Do you suppose Prince Halbert and the Duke o' Cambridge would be both bald as bell 'andles if money could save 'em?"—Chatter.

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."

Beggars in London.

The barefoot dodge is a favorite one with beggars in London. During the Christmas season I saw one lusty knave take off his shoes and stockings, leaving them in a barroom, and then pick his way over the cold cobblestones of the street, singing a melancholy ditty and holding out his cap pleadingly for pence. Every English beggar that accosts you reminds you that he is "a poor" fellow. "Oh, please give a penny to a poor devil." "Please help a poor old man." "Please remember a poor lad." "Please buy a box of matches of a poor old woman"—these are the entreaties which come to you from every side. The alleged poverty of these people is their stock in trade. Then, again, the most hideous monstrosities are to be met with upon the street corners—maimed, scarred and deformed creatures who seek to profit by their hideousness. Many of these creatures are well to do.

At the corner of Tottenham Court road and Oxford street sits a woman as fat as butter, comfortably clad and wearing a cheerful expression. A placard suspended from her neck informs the passer by that "this poor woman is blind," that she "is afflicted with fits," and that she is trying to earn money enough to pay for being "tapped for the dropsy." This professional rides to and from her place of business in a cab.

Oxford street is patrolled by several blind men who affect dogs and lugubrious songs and dismal countenances. These fellows have entered into a sort of business partnership and they are rich. Suggest to a London beggar that he apply for admission to one of the numerous homes or asylums for the indigent and afflicted, and see how quick he is to resent the idea.—Eugene Field's Letter in Chicago News.

"Moneymakers" in the Country.

"Come ont and see my moneymakers," said a lady living in the country the other day to a lady from the city who was visiting her. "These," she said, as they came to a large and well appointed hen house, "are my 'church hens;' all that I make out of them above expenses is devoted to religious objects. The geese you see down there on the pond are my 'poor and needy geese.' They cost little or nothing, and the profits are applied to the relief of the poor and needy. Away down beyond that wood I keep a drove of hogs, 'dress hogs' I call them, because I buy my dresses, frocks you say, I suppose, out of what I make from them.

"Those Alderney cows are my 'theatre and opera cows.' I saw four Wagner operas out of the profits of one of them last winter. You see that bed of strawberries? Well, we don't call them strawberries, but 'shoeberries,' for I buy all the children's shoes and my own, too, out of the income I get from them. These and many other little moneymaking schemes I manage myself without troubling my husband, who works very hard in the city for a small salary. Consequently we have a great many comforts and luxuries that we couldn't otherwise have. And I thoroughly enjoy the work, too."—New York Tribune.

A Fad in Correspondence.

A fad in writing paper is what is called lover's stationery. It is fine notepaper delicately tinted, the most fashionable shade being light pink. The watermark, to be detected by holding the sheet up to the light, is a blending of two hearts, pierced by an arrow. In the lower corner of each fourth page (or reverse of each second half sheet) appears what at first sight looks like a blemish. But this is the charming feature of the novelty; it is the kissing spot, for here the correspondent presses his or her lips, and thus a salute is wafted to the absent lover. The kissing spot is about the size of a shilling (twenty-five cent piece) and is covered with a thin aromatic gum that imparts to the lips a pleasing odor and taste. A more ingenious bit of maudlin sentimentality could hardly be devised, yet we must all confess that it is of just such innocent and inane follies that the joy of human life largely consists.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The Skin.

A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three-fourths of the sufferers from catarrhal pneumonia or chronic bronchitis are found to be in the habit of neglecting the skin. Their skin has become degraded, and is no longer a protective covering for the body.

The skin needs to be hardened by the use of the flesh brush, the cold douche, the air bath and by frequent change of underclothing. Active exercise needs to be added to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the patient is before he gets the cold.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A SCOUT FOR 30 YEARS.

A TRUE STORY THAT READS LIKE A REALISTIC DIME NOVEL.

Lawrence Kingston's Eventful Life—He Served in All the Recent Indian Wars and Was on the Ill Fated Alaska's Voyage to the Arctic Ocean.

A novel dinner was given at Milldale by Fred Kinsinger. The guest of the occasion was Lawrence D. Kingston, who enjoys the strange distinction of having spent the most of a life of thirty-three years on the back of an Indian pony.

As the well roasted veal and the brown fried catfish disappeared Kingston recited in the unvarnished style of the scout the details of a life as exciting as Monte Cristo's.

Kingston had been on his way to Washington with a lot of trappings when by accident, at Chattanooga, he lost them. He came to Covington to arrange for a settlement with the railroad and to call upon a young lady who had been engaged to his twin brother, a scout, who was killed in an engagement with the Apache chief Geronimo. In Covington he met Mr. Kinsinger's engineer, Charles Fulmer, who had been a soldier during the Modoc war, and had then known Kingston, and a visit to Milldale was the result.

Kingston is a native of Colfax, Yuba county, Cal. When he and his twin brother were mere babies, not a year old, their parents were massacred by the Modocs, but for some unaccountable reason the infants were saved by the reds and carried away with them. They were raised by their captors until 12 years of age, having become proficient in all the traits of their adopted people. A company of United States soldiers under Col. Cheatham, raiding the Indian retreat one day, rescued the two youths and took them to his camp, where they were placed in charge of Donald McKay, chief of the Warm Spring Indian scouts, to be educated as such.

Two years later, then being in his 14th year, young Kingston began what has proved to be a very eventful career, being placed on the trail of the Piutes in Nevada, who had been on the warpath for some time. Since then Kingston has scarcely been out of the saddle, and so valuable have been his services to the government that he has been in constant demand, both in the north, south and middle of the wild west.

He has repeatedly covered the famous great trails of the country, and has done scouting against all the noted tribes and rebellious chiefs. He saw active service in the Modoc troubles in 1883, and was one of the party with Gen. Canby when he was assassinated. After the capture of Captain Jack he was transferred to Gen. Howard's command, which was then engaged in subduing the Piutes. He had a hard struggle with the Chief Winnemucca. The latter was killed by a young bugler when he appeared to be having the best of the scout.

He performed secret service duty during the Mormon troubles of 1875, and was with Gen. La Coma when he was killed by the White River Utes. In 1876, a year that will always be famous in the history of the far west for the terrible Custer massacre, young Kingston was sent to that general with dispatches, and was ordered to report to the latter and chief of scouts, Bill Campbell. He reached their camp at 4 o'clock on the morning of the fatal day.

The Indians were like locusts in a flight, so numerous, and every hour after they opened the attack seemed to swell their numbers. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon Custer, seeing that the situation was getting hopeless, started him to Maj. Reno's camp for relief, he having been expected for some time. The mission was certainly not a pleasant one, surrounded as the brave company were on all sides with the ferocious Indians. He managed, however, to get through the lines, but not until he carried with him several wounds, one a very severe one on the head. He reached Maj. Reno, who was seven miles away, and when he returned two hours later the terrible slaughter was over. Not an Indian was in sight, but they left some harrowing evidences that they had been there. The dead were piled everywhere, and surrounded by a barricade of bodies, both of savages and whites, they found the remains of Custer.

He spent two years watching Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stages and chasing Apaches, and in 1879 was with the government party that took the Alaska to go in search of the lost Jeanette. He told most interestingly the history of that fatal expedition, their sailing up to 76 degs. north, the mutiny of the crew, skirmishes with the natives and his escape with three companions from the death that afterward came to the company. They found the wreck of the Jeanette, but the survivors had started south in another direction. The return of the Alaska crew was one of intense suffering from scurvy and from attacks from natives. He and three comrades got away and were helped south by the Flathead Indians. He lost all his companions from scurvy, and when he finally reached the Blood Indians, after terrible experiences, he was nearly dead from the same affliction.

As soon as his health permitted he was sent to the Apache country, where Geronimo had murdered the Bryant family. He was with the soldiers when, in a skirmish with the Indians, he started the firing that brought down Spotted Heel, one of Geronimo's strongest friends.

During 1880 he did active service against noted outlaws and aided in the capture of several of the worst, including Roberts, who was their chief; also of Arizona Sam and Rattlesnake Jack.

After that he was on trail against the Piutes, spent a year carrying mail through hostile Indian country, and in 1884 was with Gen. Sheridan in the Bannock war.

Kingston is now stationed on a reservation at Fort Walla Walla. He speaks all the Indian languages and handles English exceptionally well.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the **stomach, liver,** and **bowels,** these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best **family** medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of **travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers,** and **pioneers.** In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

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"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 503 25th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21, South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrscht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Henrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavenagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 8 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellee, F S; Frank Fich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas: Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2017 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 188 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec. 869 S Halsted-st.; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec. M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st

Div No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st.; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall. Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofrus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcahey, Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerua, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3103 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

WILL BE HELD AT

BAKER'S GROVE,

ARCHER AND WESTERN AVES.

Friday, July 4, 1890,

DAY AND EVENING.

This Grove has been newly fitted up with new dancing platform and other improvements, making it one of the finest groves in the city. Dancing and all kinds of Sports will be the order of the day. Archer-av. and Thirty first-st cars run to the gate.

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS.

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To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on the elegant new steel side wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

This Interests Teachers.

The coming annual meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at St. Paul, July 8 to 18, 1890, promises to be one of the most interesting events in the history of education in this country. Thousands of teachers and their friends will be present, and the most noted educators of the land will seek to promote the cause of education in the most fitting manner. The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which stands without a superior, will name exceedingly low rates upon this occasion, which everybody can take advantage of. This route is exceedingly popular with the traveling public, and guarantees the best accommodations. No finer cars are built than those running on this line. Its smooth track, fast time, safety, comfort and convenience commend it to teachers and all others. Any information concerning rates, time of trains, etc., cheerfully furnished by agents of the company, or by W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

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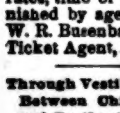

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ESTATE OF DAVID DUNNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of David Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof. MAURICE J. DUNNE, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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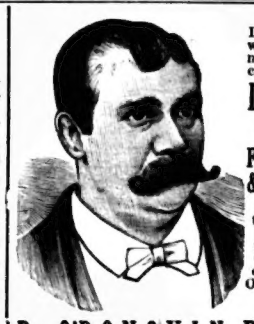
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.



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A 3-lb can Asparagus for	5 cents
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Pint Mason Fruit Jars, each	5 cents
Quart Mason Fruit Jars, each	6 cents
½ Gallon Mason Fruit Jars, each.	8 cents
1-lb package Corn Starch for	5 cents
Ground Scottish Oatmeal, per lb.	2 cents
12 large boxes Dry Bluing for	5 cents
Imported Capers, per bottle	10 cents
A 6 lb box Best Laundry Starch	28 cents
40 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
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FIFTEENTH ANNUAL PICNIC

AT

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ESTATE OF JOSEPH BURNS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Burns, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof. THOMAS MORAN, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 23, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George M. Mitchell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.

1840 Fiftieth Anniversary. 1890

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